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LORD SALISBURY AT MANCHESTER.

IN his principal speech at Manchester Lord SALISBURY proved that, as a political advocate, he was fully a match for Sir W. HARCOURT and for less effective assailants of the policy of the Government. It is not likely that speeches on either side will have greatly altered the opinions of friends or enemies; but it is necessary to the union and energetic action of a party that it should be convinced that the cause which it supports is more or less logically defensible. On one important point Lord SALISBURY had the best of the argument. The Government has often been taunted with an alleged error in not choosing between two alternative and opposite courses of action. The old policy of defending Turkey at all hazards was abandoned, and nevertheless the Ministers refused to concur with the three Imperial Courts in measures of coercion. It may be added that the Opposition was at the time equally indisposed to use force for the promotion of supposed reforms in the East. As the controversy became warmer, some politicians recommended the creation of independent States to be formed out of the provinces of Turkey; but, as Lord SALISBURY truly said, there was no homogeneous population to be endowed with autonomy. It would have been impossible that an English Government should voluntarily concur in the rough solution of the difficulty which was afterwards effected by the war. The Turks, if they gave their Bulgarian subjects no share in civil or military administration, had allowed them to attain extraordinary prosperity. Since the reversal of the respective positions of the two races, the majority which is now dominant has treated the Mahometans with a rapacious cruelty which had not before been practised in those regions. It was not for the purpose of encouraging reaction and revenge that English resources could have been used. The pretence of erecting a new barrier against Russia was treated by Lord SALISBURY with just contempt. In the first place, the Turkish provinces promoted to the rank of States have, as he said, no substance or organization; and it has also been found that such strength as they possess will, if the occasion arises, be placed at the disposal of Russia. Servia, which had no ground of quarrel with Turkey, declared war in 1876 at the bidding of Russia, on some pretext so frivolous that it has since been forgotten. It was odd that Mr. CHILDERS should profess not to understand Lord SALISBURY's expressive phrase of a Servian attack by Russia on Turkey. Roumania, which had for many years been practically independent of the Porte, placed all its forces at the disposal of Russia, receiving afterwards a merited reward in the spoliation of a province. Lord BEACONSFIELD has more than once hinted his regret that circumstances prevented him from adhering to the ancient policy of England. Lord SALISBURY assumes that the country would not have supported the Government in direct resistance to the Russian invasion, and he gives strong reasons in justification of the middle course which was actually taken.

One of the most characteristic passages in his speech was his conjectural version of the policy which would, as he suggested, have been adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE. The Russians, he said, would, as they approached Constantinople, have been required to sign an admission that towns ought not to be occupied in violation of treaties. The Russian army would then have marched in and have

retained possession of the city, in strict analogy with the proceedings of 1871. The Treaty of Berlin has warded off the danger which seemed imminent after the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano. Mr. CHILDERS could only answer Lord SALISBURY by going back to Lord DERBY's almost forgotten rejection of the Berlin Memorandum. Lord SALISBURY professes to believe that Turkey is now no longer exposed to Russian attack, and probably his calculations are well founded. He failed to explain how the acquisition of Cyprus or the Anglo-Turkish Convention secures the independence of Turkey, except, indeed, that a new invasion would be a direct challenge to England. The historical precedents which were quoted can only be made applicable by some exercise of the imagination. When, said Lord SALISBURY, the interest of Europe centred in Spain, Gibraltar was taken; and when Italy was threatened, Malta was conquered. Now that Egypt and the Levant are likely to be the scenes of political struggles, England takes possession of Cyprus. But the acquisition of Gibraltar had nothing to do with the general politics of Europe; nor was the siege of Malta undertaken with any reference to the affairs of Italy. The advantage of both possessions consists in their strength as places of defence, while in Cyprus there is neither a considerable fortress nor a harbour for ships of war. It is possible that a doubtful enterprise may be retrospectively justified by the establishment of a kind of model political farm which may show how Eastern provinces are to be governed and civilized. The Berlin Treaty was more easy to vindicate than the Anglo-Turkish Convention. It is true that Russia has been prevented from acquiring through a dependent State access to the *Ægean*. Lord SALISBURY had also a right to remind his hearers that Batoum is, according to the declaration of the Russian Government, to be a commercial port, from which, however, foreign commerce will be rigorously excluded. It might indeed be objected that, when it is thought expedient to fortify Batoum, no treaty or engagement will stand in the way of the establishment of a military port.

It is doubtful how far the authors of the Treaty of Berlin are entitled to the credit of the security which has really been provided against Russian aggression. The English Plenipotentiaries formally proposed the occupation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina; but it was remarkable that the representatives of Russia offered no opposition to an arrangement which they must have regarded as in the highest degree distasteful. There is reason to believe that the scheme of partition had been devised and settled before the Bosnian insurrection or the Bulgarian massacres, and that the transfer of the Turkish provinces to Austria was the stipulated price of neutrality during the Russian invasion of Turkey which was then premeditated. A Russian writer complains that Lord SALISBURY omitted to notice the philanthropic reasons which induced Russia to declare war against Turkey. As the army had assembled on the Turkish frontier before the alleged provocation was given, it would have been idle to discuss a transparent fiction. There is reason to hope that the Russian Government may have overreached itself in conceding to Austria the full equivalent of a plan of Russian aggrandizement which was, in consequence of the unforeseen firmness of England, not fully accomplished. Lord SALISBURY may or may not be acquainted with the secret of the late negotiations at Vienna. If he possessed the knowledge, he was not

at liberty to disclose it. There may probably be some truth in the report that the Emperor WILLIAM was unwilling to assent to a formal treaty with Austria; but Lord SALISBURY seems to be satisfied that Prince BISMARCK has established an understanding which will effectually bar the progress of Russia. To the Turkish Government he addressed weighty words of warning. For their slackness in effecting reforms he allowed every excuse, but he intimated that further delay may be fatal to the Empire. It would seem that he relies on Austria to take the vacant place, unless perhaps a neutral State under European protection could be established at Constantinople. It would be satisfactory to feel an assurance that Lord SALISBURY spoke with full knowledge of the policy of Germany and Austria. Only a short time has passed since Russia belonged to the partnership.

Lord SALISBURY's light and lively reference to domestic politics was well calculated to keep his party in good spirits. After Sir W. HARCOURT's elaborate denunciation of every measure and every profession of the Government, it was worth Lord SALISBURY's while to show that an equally vigorous disputant could discover as many flaws in the policy of the Opposition. It is easy to foresee the embarrassments which may arise from the readiness of some Liberal candidates to tamper with Irish disaffection. It was natural that Lord SALISBURY should ridicule the mild changes in the law of land tenure by which Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHILDERS propose to meet the supposed demands of tenant-farmers; but, on the whole, it is rarely the business of a Conservative to taunt his opponents with their moderation. Mr. CHILDERS at once responds to the challenge by recommending the sale of lands held in mortmain by the Church, by the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and by endowed charities. Lord SALISBURY's argument on the affairs of Afghanistan will be more conveniently noticed in a separate discussion of the subject. His versatility was exemplified in the address which he delivered to the neutral Chamber of Commerce before he attended the Conservative festival. His approval of reciprocity secured by commercial treaties is fortunately hypothetical and retrospective. Lord SALISBURY holds that Sir ROBERT PEEL and his successors threw away opportunities of negotiation by repealing duties without stipulating for equivalents on the part of other nations. If Free-trade had been postponed until it became universal, the process would never have begun. Foreign Governments have not thought it worth their while to pay what they considered a price for concessions which were made because they were demonstrably beneficial to England. NAPOLEON III., almost alone among Continental statesmen, understood the principles of Free-trade, when he introduced them into France on an illusory pretext. Few economists will share Lord SALISBURY's regret for the application of scientific doctrines to commercial practice. The difficulty which he pointed out of satisfying Spanish demands for an alteration of the wine duties without alienating France illustrates the fundamental error of commercial treaties. It is true that, as Lord SALISBURY said, the extension of the protective system in Europe is partly owing to the burden of enormous armies; but there is scarcely a better prospect of improvement in the tariffs of the United States or of the English colonies which have no standing armies.

INTERVIEWING.

THE custom of interviewing, as it is called, is daily gaining ground. The process is most simple, and popular curiosity is gratified without any effort on the part of any one. The interviewer, as a rule, devises the interview. There are exceptions, as when Prince BISMARCK tells the Correspondent of the *Times* what he wishes it to be thought he is doing or intending. The interviewer has nothing to do but to record what he is told to say, and to show his gratitude by effusions of perennial adulation. Ordinarily the interviewer pumps the eminent person he is interviewing as well as he can, and immediately prints a conversation such as his memory and imagination can supply him with. General CIALDINI has been among the eminent persons lately subjected to the process, and he was represented by his interviewer as having indulged in very wholesale denunciations of the Government of Italy. A Ministerial organ in Italy at once stated that the story of the interview was

untrue, and General CIALDINI himself is said to have repudiated the expressions attributed to him. As soon as an account of an interview is published in one Paris newspaper, other Paris newspapers roundly assert that the interviewer has been romancing. A fierce battle is fought over this issue, and the public settles down into some sort of opinion on the matter, if it has time to settle into any opinion before the record of some other interview absorbs its attention. The opinion into which the Parisian public appeared to be settling as to the CIALDINI interview was that General CIALDINI had said something like what he was reported to have said, but that the interviewer had failed to catch the *nuances* of the GENERAL's refined language. In fact, the general impression as to interviewers as a class seems to be that they are not to be trusted for *nuances*. They say what their man said, but not as he said it, and this is a very great deduction from the value of their revelations. That prince of all interviewers, the late Mr. SENIOR, avoided this reproach by copying out carefully all he remembered to have been said, and sending it to the eminent person with whom he had been talking to correct it at his leisure, so that the eminent person could see that the report embodied not only the *nuances* he had used, but the *nuances* which on further consideration he wished he had used. The modern interviewer cannot afford to wait for perfection of this sort. He has got to print something good or bad, true or untrue, as fast as it can be printed. The discussion as to the *nuances* of General CIALDINI was summarily interrupted by the publication of no less than two several interviews with Mr. GLADSTONE. To Englishmen it seems scarcely necessary to interview Mr. GLADSTONE privately, as he may be described as always being in a state of interview with the whole British public. But he is most certainly an eminent person, and being in Paris he naturally attracted the attention of Parisian interviewers. He is not the kind of person who would be generally expected to have any objection to being interviewed. But it must be understood that an eminent person cannot help being interviewed unless he resolutely declines to say anything to any one. For all he can tell, any one to whom he says anything may be preparing to rush off and print his observations. In addition to the two reports of interviews, Paris has been favoured with the remarks made by Mr. GLADSTONE at a private dinner party, including a very mild compliment to a lady of distinction, which, as the reporter said, showed that Mr. GLADSTONE had learnt gallantry since he had been in Paris.

According to his interviewers, Mr. GLADSTONE talked most freely and pleasantly on all manner of subjects, including Afghanistan, Egypt, Prince BISMARCK, the alliance of Austria and Germany, the HUMBERT election, the moral impartiality of England, and HOMER's sense of colour. On all his reported utterances we can only repeat the criticism pronounced on the report of General CIALDINI's conversation, and say that probably Mr. GLADSTONE said in substance what he is alleged to have said, but that as for the *nuances* we have no confidence in the reporter. He was not in any way bound to have a turn for appreciating *nuances*, and there is a strong probability that he had not such a turn, and something like a certainty that he had no time to use it even if he possessed it. Englishmen, therefore, cannot pretend to be very much interested in these accounts of what Mr. GLADSTONE is said to have said. Where Mr. GLADSTONE is said to have expressed opinions such as he has expressed a hundred times already—as, for example, that our troubles in Afghanistan are all of our own choosing, or that Russians and Englishmen would be equally foolish if they went lightly to war with each other—it can make no difference to us that he should say once more what he has said so very often. But when we come to utterances which have some little appearance of novelty about them, we feel an uncertainty about the *nuances* in apprehending which our reporter may be so terribly deficient. There are portions of Mr. GLADSTONE's reported conversation which are not so much paradoxical or imaginative as simply unintelligible. We find him, for example, pronouncing that England does not like special alliances. It is probable that Mr. GLADSTONE used the words, for they are not words which a reporter would have been likely to invent; but it is impossible to conjecture from the context what Mr. GLADSTONE can have meant by them. He cannot have meant that England does not court special alliances in time of war; for, as the PRINCE CONSORT long ago pointed out, it is part

of the policy of English statesmen always to secure an ally if possible. It would be equally untrue to say that England does not form special alliances for special purposes; for we entered into the Quadruple Alliance to settle, according to our views, the affairs of Portugal and Spain, and we entered into a special alliance with France and Austria to uphold the integrity of Turkey. If it was meant that England does not like other nations to enter into special alliances to which she is not a party, the remark is obvious that, if England does not think such special alliances prejudice her, she regards them with great equanimity whether she likes them or not. England offered no objection to the special alliance of Prussia and Italy against Austria in 1866, or to that between Germany and Russia in 1870, which ensured the conquest of France being pursued to its bitter end. It is, of course, possible that Mr. GLADSTONE uttered a dictum of this sort merely as a passing remark, and with the indifference of a fluent talker as to the meaning of his words. But, if he meant something, then, in our ignorance of the context of his words and in our permanent apprehension as to the inability of the reporter to seize *nuances*, we are left not so much with a doubt as to the value of the dictum as with a sense of our inability to conjecture what Mr. GLADSTONE was talking about.

If, however, we put aside special expressions and some dark sayings, we may fairly say that to an English reader the reports of the interviews reflect Mr. GLADSTONE such as his countrymen know him. There are some distinct lights in which every politician of the first rank presents himself to those who have studied him for years. In the first place, Mr. GLADSTONE is known to us as a man whose mind, when it has once embraced certain ideas, clings to them passionately. They seem to overpower him, to enter into his being, to become with him articles of faith rather than reason. It is this capacity for being possessed by ideas, as by some strange spirits entering into him, that has given him the influence and attracted to him the suspicion and dislike which exceptional earnestness of thought and purpose is apt to create. When he talked to his Parisian interviewer about Afghanistan, we know that one of these overpowering ideas was possessing him. But if Mr. GLADSTONE were merely a man so overpowered and possessed, he would fall far short of the Mr. GLADSTONE we know. He has also in a very high degree the habit and the power of intellectual investigation. When he sets himself to learn, he can appreciate the magnitude of a task and the mode of dealing with it. He has the rare power of entering with eagerness into the driest details, in order that he may see how they bear on the subject-matter of his inquiry. When one of his interviewers asked him what he thought of the comparative merits of the land systems of France and England, he answered like the Mr. GLADSTONE of his celebrated budgets. He pointed out that general observations and partial statistics were useless for the formation of any opinion on such a subject that was worth having. Not only must the traditions, customs, and aptitudes of the two countries and peoples be carefully considered, but there must be a thorough investigation of local facts and a nice discrimination of varying circumstances. On a question of economics Mr. GLADSTONE has the feelings and the conceptions of an economist. But then there is also a third light in which his countrymen are accustomed to see Mr. GLADSTONE exhibiting himself. If he is not attracted to a subject by enthusiasm or by the appetite for special knowledge, he is content to know and care very little about it. As he informed his interviewer, he knew very much about Italy, for he has happened to have been passionately fond of Italy from his youth, but he knew very little about France and Germany; and his views as to the nature and effects of the Austro-German alliance, if correctly reported, offered an immediate illustration of this contented ignorance. Unless it is something like the sufferings of the Italians—or, more recently, of the Bulgarians—which is borne in upon him, or something like a treaty of commerce, which stimulates his intellectual activity, he seems to live in a state of perpetual indifference to modern European history. No man can be bound to know and interest himself equally in all subjects; but the casual opinions of even so eminent a man as Mr. GLADSTONE, on subjects which he ordinarily leaves out of his sphere, need not be treated as calling imperatively for serious criticism.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA.

THE conditions of the military and political contest in Afghanistan have within a few days been materially altered. The abdication of YAKOOB KHAN deprives the Indian Government of its character of ally or protector of an actual ruler, and reduces Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS to the position of commander of a foreign army of occupation. An unfounded report that Merv had been taken by the Russians caused for a time an additional feeling of uneasiness. The Russians would have been nearer to Herat at Merv than the English at Cabul, and there was reason to apprehend a race for the possession of the fortress, if not an immediate collision. It is not yet certain whether the Russian army has returned for the winter to the shores of the Caspian; but the capture of Merv, though it will no doubt ultimately be effected, has probably been deferred for some months. Even at Merv a Russian army would still be separated from Herat by a distance of two hundred and fifty miles; yet the figurative expression that Merv is the key of Herat has probably a sound practical meaning. Diplomacy moves in advance of armies, and the comparative proximity of a Russian force may probably exercise an influence over the politics of Western Afghanistan. In anticipation of the early occupation of Merv it becomes more than ever urgent to secure the possession of the only one of the three Afghan capitals which has not yet received an English garrison. If it is true that the Indian Government is surveying a railway line to Candahar, it may be inferred that an attempt will be made to profit by the alleged good will of the local chiefs to maintain a connexion with the city which will not necessarily assume the form of sovereignty. It is only during occasional periods in the brief history of the Afghan power that the whole of the country which was governed by DOST MAHOMMED and SHERE ALI has been united under the same dominion. The importance of Herat as a military position renders it expedient to reduce it, if possible, under subjection to the ruler who may be established at Cabul. On this account and for other reasons the abdication of YAKOOB KHAN is highly inconvenient, although there may have been reasons which rendered it impossible that he should retain his post as Ameer. A nominally reigning sovereign who has through circumstances been reduced to dependence is ordinarily a more efficient instrument than a pretender or a mere nominee. It is probable that YAKOOB KHAN may have lost courage on finding that he was trusted neither by his English patrons nor by his former subjects. His refusal to accompany General ROBERTS in his solemn entry into Cabul probably implied his resolution to abdicate. He may perhaps have hoped that his son, who was allowed to join in the procession, would be appointed his successor. Nothing is known in England of the character or even of the age of the young man; nor is it certain that his claims would be supported by any section of the Afghan chiefs. The recognition by the principal Sirdars of his title to the throne would remove many difficulties. In the meantime Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS has undertaken the arduous task of governing the country or at least the capital. It is satisfactory to find that he expressed in his address to the chiefs and people of Cabul no intention of injuring the town, except as far as it might be necessary to remove buildings which impede the defence of the Bala Hissar. The explosions which have since taken place may possibly affect his plans, though for the present he in his published despatches attributes the catastrophe to accident.

The uncertainty of the present and of the immediate future in great measure supersedes the interest of controversies on the former policy of the Government. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* apparently approves of the acquisition of a new frontier in India, and, in direct opposition to the leaders of his party, he admits that the policy of the Government prevented the acquisition of Constantinople by Russia. He contends that the threatening movements of Russia in Central Asia were designed only to promote European objects, and that consequently a cessation of resistance to Russia in Europe would secure India from aggression. As he would probably not be disposed to surrender Constantinople to a formidable and ambitious rival, the practical inference to be drawn from a theory in itself paradoxical is not altogether obvious. It is possible that in certain

circumstances an invasion of India might be prevented by maritime operations in the Dardanelles or the Black Sea; but it is more probable that the designs of Russia would be simultaneously and independently prosecuted in Europe and in Central Asia. According to the Reviewer, "the fact is clearly established that down to the time when Lord NORTHBROOK left India in April 1876 the Indian Government had not the least reason to suppose or believe that there were any Russian intrigues in Cabul connected with the KAUFMANN correspondence or otherwise." Lord SALISBURY, who had not read the article in the *Edinburgh Review* when he spoke at Manchester, directly contradicted the statement as to Russian intrigue. He also reminded his hearers that SHERE ALI's refusal to admit English Agents had not been resented until he allowed a Russian Mission to enter his country and reside in his capital. Mr. CHILDERS's criticism on this part of Lord SALISBURY's speech was no better than a quibble. Lord SALISBURY's remark on Lord NORTHBROOK has been misunderstood. He suggested, not that the Viceroy had disobeyed the orders of the Government, but that his dissent had so far prevailed as to cause postponement of action. Both the Liberal critic and the late Secretary of State for India were really addressing themselves to English political parties with a view to the general election.

One of Lord SALISBURY's statements has scarcely received the attention which it deserves. It appears that during the negotiations at Gundamak the VICEROY would have preferred that his representative should reside at Candahar, and that the final arrangement was made in deference to the wishes of YAKOOB KHAN. The AMEER requested that the Mission should be sent to Cabul rather than to one of the provincial capitals, on the plausible ground that he would be better able to protect a Resident in his own immediate neighbourhood. Lord SALISBURY seems to have furnished a conclusive answer to the charges of rashness which have been lately urged against the Government with extraordinary violence of language. He showed a due regard to his own dignity in not noticing the accusation against himself of having directly caused the death of CAVAGNARI. It is possible that YAKOOB KHAN may have been sincere in his confidence that he would be able to protect the Mission at Cabul. His father had found no difficulty in compelling or inducing the people and the army to tolerate the presence of the Russian strangers. He may also have reasonably thought that the English Envoy would give importance to the city which might be selected for his residence. The most dangerous enemies of the rulers of Cabul have generally been their lieutenants at Candahar and Herat; and YAKOOB KHAN may not have been without suspicion of foreign intrigues. The anxieties which now press on the English and Indian Governments might probably have arisen if there had been no previous Afghan war. There would almost certainly have been a disputed succession after the death of SHERE ALI, if he had not been forced or induced by the approach of the English army to liberate YAKOOB KHAN from prison. The advance of Russia to the borders of Afghanistan, which seems to have been temporarily checked, has long been meditated. The Russians themselves explain the movement by the supposed necessity of subduing the Turcomans, although their real motives may have had a wider range. It may be hoped that the policy of England at the present crisis will not be regulated by considerations of party convenience.

RAILWAYS AND POLITICS.

WHERE, as in England, a railway lies entirely within the boundaries of one State, where the railways are the property of private Companies, and where legislation or competition secures fair terms to the freighter, railways have very little to do with politics. In England the connexion of railways with politics is of a modest and almost imperceptible kind. A few boroughs return directors who manage a line on which the prosperity of a particular locality depends. Occasionally there is a marshalling of what is termed the railway interest in the House of Commons; but, with very few exceptions, considerations of public interest easily triumph in Parliament over considerations of what would best suit railway proprietors. Now and then there is an allegation made that

the railways are injuring a class sufficiently large and important to have real political power, and then those who are aggrieved get their political representatives to urge their grievances. It is now said, for example, that some of the leading railways, by granting special rates to importers of foreign corn, add a new and vexatious burden to those which the struggling British farmer has already to bear. But the grievance does not really assume a political character; for it is known that, if the allegation is true, the railways will either be able to show that what they do is within their powers, and is no more than the granting of a small benefit in return for the vast amount of goods forwarded by the line which gets hold of them, or else they will be very soon stopped from doing what they do if it is in contravention of their duties to the public. Directly, however, that we get outside the United Kingdom we find the connexion between railways and politics not only intimate and important, but every day becoming of increasing importance. Questions are now arising as to railways on the decision of which the political future of Europe will very largely depend. Even where questions of less magnitude have to be considered, there are constantly arising points which have an important bearing on the home politics of the State in which they arise. It is probably because in England railways have so little to do with politics that the connexion between them abroad is so often underrated or overlooked.

If we look at railways, not as we know them here, but as they are known abroad, we find the State constantly mixed up with them through the two agencies of subsidies and control. If the nation is rich, political influence may be used or acquired by the application of a part of the national wealth to the development of means of communication. Thus M. DE FREYCINET has commended the new Republic to the sympathies of his countrymen by an unsparing outlay on little local lines. A grateful peasant who gets his little crop more cheaply to market will, it is hoped, remember M. DE FREYCINET with gratitude, and regard the Republic with affection. If a nation is poor, subsidies to railways, or the construction of unremunerative railways by the State, are always deranging its finances. India supplies an obvious example, and Italy supplies another. The Italian Government is always being perplexed by new calls on the national purse for subsidies that may easily overbalance the trembling budget of the State. Not only are railways wanted for moral or political rather than commercial purposes in such places as Sicily, but there are perpetual applications for aid to very expensive routes of communication with neighbouring countries. Italy has already made at enormous cost a coast road from Nice to Pisa, and has helped to complete the Cenis line; but it is committed to the St. Gothard enterprise, and the difficulties that are being overcome in connecting the new tunnel with Milan are of a very formidable kind. Italy is now being pressed to go a step further, and in connexion with France and Switzerland to make a Simplon line with a Simplon tunnel; and there is even an audacious project, the mention of which is enough to take away the breath of the British tourist, to burrow through Mont Blanc, and transport travellers under the monarch of mountains, from Chamounix to Courmayeur. When we have done with subsidies we come to control. Where the State does much for railways, or where the habit of looking to the State to do everything has established itself, it is very natural that men should urge the State itself to work the lines which it has subsidized or sanctioned. The difficulties, however, of direct management by the State are so great, and the openings it offers to political intrigue are so wide, that Governments often cannot make up their minds to accept the charge, or, if they accept it, they only accept it indirectly. The Indian Government in taking over the East India Railway could not bear to forego the advantages of using the skill and energy which the existing administration of the Company had exhibited; and M. DE FREYCINET, in inventing his little railways, also invented the system of having them managed by Boards which have to please the Minister of Public Works, but which, within limits, are free to try to please him as their judgment or fancy suggests. The thorny questions arising out of proposals to take railways into the hands of the State have recently led to no less than three Ministerial crises in Italy, and the efforts of Prince BISMARCK to get hold of the German railways, and the resistance he has met with, are notorious. It is, however, a

novelty to find an American proclaiming his conviction that there may be railways in his country over which the general Government of the United States ought to have a special control. Mr. ANDREWS, the representative of the United States in Sweden, has recently published a letter in which, after describing the boundless amount of produce which the North-West is capable of raising, he discusses the question how the produce is to be got to the sea. He favours the construction of a new line, which, avoiding the break of water communication, will run direct from the corn districts to a harbour on the Atlantic; and as this line would excite the vehement opposition of the managers of existing lines, and would be exposed to the haphazard legislation of the different States through which it would pass, he suggests that it should be placed under the special and exclusive care of the Central Government. The notion of the Central Government assuming this charge appears to be utterly inconsistent with the general scheme of the American Constitution; and possibly it may be because Mr. ANDREWS has an official position at Stockholm, and has unconsciously imbibed European ideas, that he ventures on his proposal. But, even if this is so, it only shows how strongly the ideas must be entertained in Europe that have fixed themselves in his mind.

The political importance, however, of railways as the recipients of subsidies and as a sphere of State control is insignificant beside their importance in aiding and determining the policy of great States. We may be sure that it is not with any small aim that Prince BISMARCK has shown himself so determined to get hold of the railways of Germany. He has perceived what powerful instruments railways may be made in the prosecution of a foreign policy conceived on his usual gigantic scale. He desires to attach Austria to Germany, and to detach Austria from her other neighbours. To effect this Austria and Germany must be made so far as possible commercially one. Germans must be specially interested in Austrian commerce and Austrians in German commerce. An ordinary commercial treaty cannot be made to serve the purpose, as France is placed by a permanent treaty on the footing with Germany of the most-favoured nation, and Italy is under existing arrangements on the same footing with Austria; but the difficulty may, it seems to be thought, be easily overcome by a skilful manipulation of railway routes. German produce can be carried over Austrian lines, and Austrian produce over German lines, at charges so low that commerce must flow in so convenient a direction, and the stability of this interchange of commerce is to be protected and ensured by a defensive alliance, by which it is meant that no one by force or competition shall interfere with the constitution of the league. A contemporary, with a boldness of prevision which is quite within the limits of legitimate speculation, has shown how easily the system might be extended so as to embrace auxiliary States—that it might be convenient to include such as Denmark and Holland. A league which would not be a Zollverein in form—for each member would continue to put what duties it pleased on the imports of outsiders—but which would have the commercial, political, and military effects of a Zollverein, would extend its influence from the German Ocean and the Baltic to the Adriatic, and possibly the Ægean. If we are to stray further into the region of what is only probable or possible, we may go on to say that the formation of such a league would give rise to the formation of a counter-league embracing France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and perhaps Spain; so that all Europe would consist of two leagues, and of Russia and England on their edges looking at them. These, however, are remote speculations, although, when we are speaking of what might be done in politics through railways, they are not idle or irrelevant. But what is not only probable, but certain, is that it is by railways that Austria intends, and is commissioned by Germany, to extend her power to the East. She will not conquer or incorporate, but affiliate, the small States that have fallen away, or may hereafter fall away, from Turkey. She has begun with Roumania, and the completion of the Ploesti-Cronstadt Railway indicates at once the means and the measure of her success. She is trying very hard to succeed in the same way with Servia. All this may be good for the big States that form the league, and for the small States that are to be included in it; but it is calculated to inspire with alarm those who are left outside. For Italy especially the moment is most critical; and it

cannot be a matter of surprise that the representatives of Italy at Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg should have been summoned to assist the Italian Government in its deliberations.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE people of the United States, on the whole, govern themselves very well; and they also derive much excitement or amusement from incessant elections, and from the attendant political discussions. Foreigners have perhaps no right to complain of the difficulties of understanding the special objects and the peculiar language of American controversy. They can at least envy a great community which has no foreign affairs, and which can afford to describe in strong language embarrassments and dangers by which no one is seriously disturbed or really alarmed. The autumn elections in several States are this year more than ordinarily interesting because they foreshadow and influence the probable result of the Presidential contest. The "solid South," as it is called, will give an undivided support to the Democratic nominee; and it is calculated that, with the control of forty-seven Northern votes, the party could elect a President. It was thought to be necessary for the purpose that both Ohio and New York should produce a Democratic majority; but Ohio has elected a Republican Governor and a Republican majority of the Legislature. It seems that the Democrats have still a chance of success, if they can obtain the thirty-five votes of the State of New York. The attention of politicians is therefore directed to the New York contest, which presents unusual complications. The Democratic party in the city has split into two hostile sections, represented by Mr. ROBINSON and Mr. KELLY, who are both nominated by their respective supporters for the office of Governor. Mr. ROBINSON is a political ally of Mr. TILDEN, who since his fraudulent defeat in 1876 has been held to have a claim to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. At the Convention of the party ROBINSON obtained a majority over KELLY, who has long been at the head of the well-known organization which takes its name from Tammany Hall. The Republicans naturally hope to profit by the division of the rival party, and it seems probable that the Republican nominee, Mr. CORNELL, who was chosen against the wish of many Republicans by Senator COWKING, will be elected as Governor of the State. It is thought by experts in election matters that the defeat of Mr. ROBINSON will be fatal to Mr. TILDEN's pretensions; but cautious Republicans warn their friends that the success of Mr. CORNELL will not necessarily determine the Presidential vote. The feud between Tammany and Mr. TILDEN may by that time have been soldered up, especially as it relates to no question of principle or of national policy. In the meantime the triangular conflict of ROBINSON, KELLY, and CORNELL furnishes political writers and speakers with abundant matter of discourse.

The victory of the Republicans in the important States of Ohio and Iowa seems to show that their fortunes are on the rise. They are also confident of their power to control Pennsylvania, and they are rather puzzled than frightened by the singular contest which is proceeding in Massachusetts. In that State General BUTLER has proposed himself for the office of Governor, without a formal invitation from either of the great parties. Once a Democrat, he has during the greater part of his political life been a leader of the Republicans, and he now hopes to receive support from members of both parties. If he is not generally respected, he has through life made himself feared by a force of character which his bitterest opponents can scarcely dispute. At one time he not only led the House of Representatives, but exercised commanding influence over the President and the Senate. His temporary exclusion from power has probably been caused by the restless ambition which alienated his natural allies. When he last stood a contest in Massachusetts, he courted the lowest class of electors by associating himself with the vulgar Californian demagogue KEARNEY. He has since taken warning by the failure of a rash experiment. His pretensions to office are now unconnected with any profession of political doctrines, for he has abandoned or suspended the advocacy of inflation, repudiation, and interference with the rights of property. If BUTLER is elected, Massachusetts will still vote for a Republican President; but the character of the

State will be seriously impaired. Although he has not on this occasion propounded revolutionary theories, he probably relies on the working-men, who form a larger proportionate part of the population in Massachusetts than in any other State. The Irish, who in New York unanimously support KELLY and Tammany Hall, will probably vote at Boston for General BUTLER.

The issues involved in the State elections are less easy to ascertain than the conjectural or authentic statistics of the comparative strength of parties. As on many former occasions, attempts to create new parties have generally failed. The Greenback party has not found itself strong enough even to decide contests between Democrats and Republicans. The collapse of the Labour party is plainly indicated by BUTLER's neglect to court its aid. Nevertheless Mr. SHERMAN, himself a candidate for Presidential nomination, thought it expedient, during his canvass of Ohio, to profess sympathy with the advocates of an inflated currency. He boasted of the effect of resumption of cash payments in promoting the simultaneous circulation of coin and of greenbacks, and he even claimed credit for a large increase of the total currency, which, as he said, was practically equivalent to inflation. On the demand for an unlimited silver coinage, which is more dangerous and more unjust than any probable issue of paper money, the SECRETARY of the TREASURY maintained a significant silence. A more popular topic of Republican orators is the alleged continuance of outrages in the South. The party has never heartily approved of Mr. HAYES's policy in abstaining from Federal interference with Southern State elections. Some notorious acts of violence have furnished a reason or a pretext for revived agitation, and from some speeches it might be supposed that the Civil War was about to recommence. It is not improbable that some of the charges against the dominant party in the South are well founded; but it is extremely difficult to restrain occasional violence without interference with State independence. The South for the first time entered on a condition of stable equilibrium when the temporary supremacy of the coloured race was by fair or foul means overthrown. The owners of land have neither the will nor the power to restore slavery, and their dependence on the labour of coloured men probably inclines them to a conciliatory demeanour. The large production of cotton proves that the social and economical system is not incurably disorganized; and the white citizens, as they are no longer governed by their former slaves, have no temptation to assert their natural superiority by acts of violence. The clamour against Southern disorder and disaffection is raised rather for election purposes than with the intention of influencing legislation. The pending contest is in substance an old-fashioned trial of strength between two regular parties.

A new interest has been added to the future Presidential contest by the arrival of General GRANT at San Francisco, and his reception in California. It is easy to understand the enthusiasm excited by the return after a long absence of the only American citizen who rises above the general level of mediocrity. General GRANT is not a statesman of genius; but he has successfully commanded enormous armies, while Mr. SHERMAN, Mr. CONKLING, Mr. BLAINE, and a dozen other possible nominees for the Presidency, have merely made speeches and managed elections. If General GRANT cherishes ambitious projects, he has shown sound judgment in remaining abroad from the end of his Presidential term to the eve of a new election. Though out of sight, he has taken care not to be out of mind, as the newspapers have been full of the honours which he received at the Courts of Europe and in the remote regions of Asia. The distinction with which he was welcomed in England was received as it was intended, in proof of respect for his country as well as for his personal eminence. There might be some doubt as to the Republican etiquette in receiving an ex-President; but General GRANT was to foreigners the proper interpreter of American customs, and, if he claimed almost royal honours, there could be no harm in gratifying his wishes. The burst of popularity which was excited by his return has, as might have been expected, taken the form of a movement for electing him for the third time President. Some of his supporters have profited by the agitation against supposed excesses in the South to propound the theory that "a strong man"—

meaning GRANT—is required to enforce law and order. The answer that the Southern reaction occurred during GRANT's former Presidency meets the argument but not the meaning of the admirers of strength. There is no doubt that, in spite of frequent American practice, there is a natural prejudice in favour of a celebrated name. Although no President has yet been twice re-elected, and although tradition is powerful in the United States, it is pleasant to exhibit originality by doing something which has not been done before. To the surprise and admiration of the whole community, General GRANT has on one occasion ventured to think and act for himself. While he has received all parties with courtesy, he has declined an interview with DENNIS KEARNEY. It is justly thought that a politician who affronts a mischievous demagogue possesses some qualities of a statesman.

TRUSTEES IN BANKRUPTCY.

A DEVOUT creditor might well say of the bankruptcy law that it is fearfully and wonderfully made. It is so simple in theory and so exceedingly complicated in practice, so beneficently designed to save the creditors' pockets, and so certain when put into execution to empty them more ruthlessly than the bankrupt himself, that it has by this time become an object rather of awe than of criticism. It might have been thought that in a commercial country this department of law at all events would have been properly attended to. The mercantile interest is supposed to be very powerful in England, and if there is one thing which concerns the mercantile interest more than another, it is a prompt, honest, and economical administration of bankrupt estates. As the area of business grows larger, less and less is known of the persons with whom that business has to be done, and with decreasing knowledge there necessarily comes increasing risk of loss. What the trader whose debtors are unable to pay what they owe most desires is to be saved from throwing good money after bad. The English bankruptcy law professes to do this for him. It dispenses with the costly machinery of a Government department, and puts the whole management of a bankrupt estate into the hands of the creditors. What arrangement can be better than one which gives to the persons really interested in getting what there is to be got the power to wind up the defaulter's affairs and distribute what assets he has among those to whom they justly belong? Unfortunately, traders are usually busy men; and they have neither time nor inclination to do the work themselves. Consequently the law empowers them to appoint a trustee, who shall be their representative in dealing with the estate. He is freely elected by the creditors, and it is therefore assumed that he is the man whom the majority of them think best fitted to look after their interests. As a matter of fact, he is often nothing of the kind. He gets appointed no one exactly knows how, and he will distribute the assets no one can precisely say when. All that can be predicted with any assurance is that the professional charges incurred in the process will be punctually paid, even if the entire estate goes to find the money. There must seemingly be a considerable number of traders who are hopeless of ever getting anything from a bankrupt estate, and are consequently only anxious that some friend of their own should have the picking of it. This at least is the only way of accounting for the number of proxies which constantly make their appearance at a first meeting of creditors. There is a wonderful unanimity as to the merits of this or that accountant or solicitor, and the creditors who have come with a real desire to get what is left divided among them as quickly and cheaply as possible find that a man of whom they know nothing, and perhaps suspect a good deal, is elected trustee by a large majority of votes. This is only an earnest of what they will have to put up with hereafter. From that time forward they have no more control over what is going on. The trustee is the only man who knows the facts, and, if he chooses to make an improper use of his knowledge, there is no one to gainsay him. He is subjected to next to no check, and it is from him that the creditors have to get the information they may want with regard to the progress that is being made in winding up the bankrupt's affairs. All that the law really does for them is to bind them hand and foot, and then deliver them to the trustee.

At least this is all that the law does for them in fact. In intention it does not stop quite so soon. Not being willing to leave trustees in bankruptcy entirely to their own devices, it invests the Comptroller in Bankruptcy with certain powers, or apparent powers, of censure, which it was hoped might be of some effect. It is his duty to report to the Court any misconduct in the exercise of a trustee's functions which may come under his notice. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this duty is neglected. On the contrary, a return which has just been issued at the instance of Mr. MORLEY shows how thoroughly it has been performed. Since the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 came into operation a very large number of trustees have been reported against. What is more wonderful and less satisfactory, a large proportion of trustees have been reported against more than once. When first the Act came into force trustees seem to have been a little shy of going to the length of their tether. Thus in 1870 forty-one trustees were reported against once, while only two were reported against twice. Even in 1872 only nine trustees came twice under the Comptroller's notice, and to only one did the same misfortune happen a third time. From that time onwards the figures rise briskly. In 1873 thirteen trustees were reported against once, while one trustee was reported against sixteen times. This last exploit was surpassed in the following year, in the years 1877 and 1878, and in the first six months of 1879. In 1874 twenty-nine reports were made against one trustee, and twenty-five against another; but these magnificent figures were not again approached till the present year, when one trustee has been reported against twenty-six times. It does not clearly appear what is the use or value of the Comptroller's reports if nothing comes of their being made. It is possible that a trustee may err once without any imputation on his good faith. But it is simply impossible that he should go on erring without any such imputation after his attention has been called to the real nature of his acts. The carelessness or the ignorance which can provoke repeated censures is scarcely distinguishable from dishonesty. If a trustee finds that, after giving his best attention to his duties, he is still unable to perform them to the Comptroller's satisfaction, it is clearly his business to retire from a post which he has been proved unfit to fill. If, however, this conviction does not present itself spontaneously to a trustee's mind, the Comptroller in Bankruptcy has no means of bringing it home to him. At all events, twenty-nine defaults in a year, or twenty-six in six months, are not enough to bring a trustee's career to a conclusion. He may still go on administering and defaulting with an impartial disregard of the creditors' interests and of the Comptroller's censures.

There is a curious professional flavour about this particular form of dishonesty. The creditors belong to every calling under the sun; but, as might be expected, though almost every conceivable calling has its representative among trustees in bankruptcy, there is a great preponderance of two or three in the list of trustees. Accountants, auctioneers, and solicitors are the largest contributors. Thus, in 1878, 311 trustees were reported against, of whom 128 were accountants, 22 were auctioneers, and 20 solicitors. Most of the persons who have been reported against again and again are accountants. Indeed it is evident that this convenient title may often be exchanged for that of defaulting trustee. An accountant seems the right sort of man to undertake the winding-up of a bankrupt's affairs; and the recognition of this fact seems to prevent the creditors from seeing that he may also be the right sort of man to keep that winding-up going as long as he possibly can, and to make as much as he possibly can out of it. The growth of this particular variety of professional trustee is a complete condemnation of the present system of administering bankrupt estates. In theory, the creditors appoint one of their own number to represent them, and it is supposed, very reasonably, that their representative will be sure to know what they want, and to take good care that they get it. In practice, the creditors very often appoint an outsider to be their representative—this outsider not being an official paid by salary and consequently having no motive to keep his work long on hand, but a professional trustee, paid by fees drawn from the estate, and having every inducement to prolong the process of winding-up until there are no more fees to be drawn. The working of the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 puts the need of an

amending Act beyond dispute, and it is a singular instance of the little influence which bodies supposed to exercise very great influence sometimes possess that the gross abuses to which the law is open should have gone so long unredressed.

THE COMMUNISTS AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

THE French Government have not seen the last of the annoyances which they will have to put up with from the returned Communists. M. HUMBERT has been elected a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, and almost at the same moment has been condemned to six months' imprisonment for extenuating the crimes in which he was an actor in 1871. A quarrel which promises to be of long standing has thus begun between the Paris Municipality and the Government. On the one side, the action of the Executive in prosecuting M. HUMBERT and of the magistracy in condemning him will be represented as a defiance to the capital which has just been reinstated in its ancient honours, and as a proof that, in conceding the partial amnesty, the Cabinet only yielded to pressure, and consequently deserve no thanks. On the other side, the Government will be told that it is their own fault that M. HUMBERT was in Paris to be elected. If he had been left in New Caledonia he would have given no more trouble. When his offences were overlooked by a weak Ministry, it was to be expected that those who sympathized with the crime should take the first opportunity that presented itself of showing their admiration of the criminal. The surrender of the Government on the amnesty question has simply put arms into their enemy's hands. To elect a returned Communist is now a simple and safe method of insulting the established order of things. The truth is, however, that no French Government could have expected to escape without inconvenience from the amnesty question. The Communist prisoners were there, and they had to be dealt with somehow. The mistake of a former Government had made their numbers so large that it was impossible to overlook them. They had left too many friends behind them not to retain a very considerable influence over the electorate and the Chamber of Deputies. If Ministers had refused the partial amnesty, they would undoubtedly not have been in office now. A large majority of their supporters, alike in Parliament and in the country, would have turned their backs upon them, and a larger amnesty would have been proposed by a more Radical Cabinet. Nor, it may fairly be assumed, were the Ministers themselves at all anxious to hold out upon this question. The condemnations passed by the military tribunals had been very comprehensive, and it was certain that among the persons included in them were some, perhaps many, who had played either in intention or in act but a very small part in the insurrection. Unfortunately, these over-sentenced prisoners had been left as a legacy from former Governments to the present Cabinet, and it was impossible not to take their case into consideration. As soon as the Ministers undertook to do so, they were of course urged to go further than they thought just or safe. The situation was necessarily an embarrassing one, and nothing that the Cabinet could have done would have made it anything else. If they determined to pardon no one, they would stand self-condemned of over-severity. If they consented to pardon every one, they would be condoning crimes which are incompatible with the very existence of civilized and orderly government. If they made a distinction between the several cases with which they had to deal, they must offend the advocates of both the rejected alternatives. The Government preferred the last course, and it is difficult to see how they could possibly have taken any other.

Whether the Government were well advised in ordering the prosecution of M. HUMBERT is another question. It is possible that when once the need of recalling a certain number of Communists had been admitted, the wiser course would have been to treat their writings and speeches during the first weeks of their return, as merely the babble of men whom excitement had for the time made irresponsible. The amnesty was not made conditional on any expression of penitence for having been concerned in the Commune. It did not presuppose any moral change whatever on the part of those who benefited by it. It was based

on the fact that, whatever might have been the intentions of a large number of the prisoners, they had not been able, or had not chosen, to carry those intentions into action. This was a distinction proper to be recognized in the apportionment of punishment; and, as it had not been sufficiently recognized in the first instance, the Government now stepped forward to set matters right. An amnesty which involved to some extent the admission that the Government had been wrong in the first instance was not calculated to excite gratitude, and there were special reasons which made it unlikely that any gratitude would be felt. The prisoners who were released had been the friends and companions of those who were left in New Caledonia, and they probably felt some amount of shame in consenting to profit by a concession from which their comrades were excluded. If a returned Communist has any desire to take part in public life he will have to seek an opportunity in the votes of men whose fathers or brothers may be still undergoing their punishment. He cannot hope to recommend himself to their favour except by convincing them that, though he no longer shares the sufferings of his friends, he has not abandoned their convictions. M. HUMBERT would probably have obtained but little support in the quarter of Paris to which he addressed himself if he had either disowned or passed over in silence the exploits in which he had borne a humble part.

If they stand alone, a few elections here and there by some very Radical constituency of a returned Communist to a seat in a Municipal Council, or even in the Chamber itself, need not disturb the Cabinet. It will constitute no revelation as regards the opinion of the country, inasmuch as every one knows that in certain quarters of Paris, and a few other large cities, the opinions which bore fruit in the Commune have never ceased to be held. Paris is not a bit more dangerous than it was before the return of M. HUMBERT. Republicans of the school of M. VICTOR HUGO may be a little puzzled how to make the choice of the electors square with the nonsense which it pleases them to talk whenever the name of Paris is mentioned; but a Government which has all along been aware that Paris is, and is long likely to be, one of the chief difficulties in its path, has no such reconciliation to effect. It knew a month ago that a certain section of Parisian opinion was traditionally opposed to any Government which professes to govern France on rational principles, and it knows it still. It will be a different matter, of course, if the persistent rumours that the recent articles in the *République Française* on the amnesty do, after all, embody the views of M. GAMBETTA, and that, as soon as the Chambers meet, steps will be taken to get them accepted by the Chamber of Deputies, should, after all, be well founded. If this proves to be the case, the Government will, in all probability, find themselves in a minority. Whether the present Chamber of Deputies does or does not represent the country, there seems little doubt that it represents M. GAMBETTA; and, if he has made up his mind that, as between a complete amnesty and the retention of the present Ministry, a complete amnesty is to be preferred, the Chamber may be expected to vote as he wishes. It is hard to believe that M. GAMBETTA is really bent on overturning the Cabinet upon an issue which is so likely to put him wrong with the more conservative section of the Republican party; but, like Prince BISMARCK, he has often more irons than one in the fire at the same time, and he does not always lay his hand on the one which bystanders expect to see him prefer. The experiment of placing the most influential man in the country in a position in which he exercises in theory no direct influence upon the Government can hardly be called successful. M. GAMBETTA's behaviour in his retirement from active politics too much resembles Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct since 1876 to be altogether convenient to the politicians whom he is supposed to support.

THE SANITARY CONGRESS.

THE Sanitary Institute has been careful, in the annual meeting which has been held this week at Croydon, to make provision for the amusement as well as the instruction of its members. Dr. RICHARDSON's address can scarcely be considered as a serious contribution to the cause of sanitary improvement. The ideal country which he created, and the ideal people which he put to live in it,

have nothing in common with such dull subjects as sewerage and ventilation. "Salutland," as he absurdly calls it, is not only a perfectly healthy district, it is also a perfectly crotchety one. Dr. RICHARDSON's imagination is fertile in this direction, and every wild scheme that has ever come into his head finds its appropriate home in that happy land. Salutland is a vast garden in which every one has an excellent constitution and very little to do. Three or four hours a day is sufficient for all the work that can be done by the busiest of the busy, and it may be inferred that the money earned in that time is sufficient for every human want, including the elephants that the people will ride and the spacious houses—five to an acre—in which they will live. There will be no politicians and no lawyers, and the only physicians who will be required in a community which has practically banished disease will be the professors of preventive medicine. The drug trade will have ceased to exist, because the illnesses that will survive will conveniently divide themselves into those that can be cured without drugs and those that no drug can cure. Every town is to be a copy of some famous city of the past; and, as the Salutlanders never quarrel, Dr. RICHARDSON is apparently in possession of some secret which will reconcile the partisans of Gothic and Renaissance architecture. If this picture had been drawn in a magazine article, its utility would have been entirely a question for Dr. RICHARDSON and the Editor. But in what professed to be a practical meeting, called together for a strictly practical purpose, such a jest seems altogether out of place.

The work of the Congress began on the following day with an address from Dr. ALFRED CARPENTER as President of the Section of Preventive Medicine. There could hardly be a greater contrast than that presented by the two discourses. Dr. CARPENTER showed that he had mastered, not only the end to be kept in view, but the conditions under which that end must be pursued. Dr. RICHARDSON's conception of sanitary science is altogether unconditioned. He evidently never thinks of it as a process which has to be applied to and by human beings such as we know them. Dr. CARPENTER is thoroughly alive to the fact that the only valuable obedience that can be rendered to sanitary laws must be a willing obedience. While he regrets that sanitary results are too often marred or rendered nugatory by the independent action of a free people, he sees that it is "impossible to obtain compliance with sanitary law in private among those who do not know the reasons why such commands are issued." It follows from this that the first and chief thing that has to be done is to enlighten individual minds. The reason why sanitary work is neglected or badly done is simply that the authorities to whom it is entrusted are elected by persons who in sanitary matters are grossly ignorant. No matter what improvements are made in the law, that law will have to be administered by these authorities, and so long as the process of appointing them is thus vitiated, the difficulty of getting them to do their duty will remain. It would be of no avail to change the mode of appointment, because, though better sanitary authorities might thus be obtained, they would still have to deal with an ignorant people who would disobey their injunctions whenever they could do so undetected. The system of popular election is a perfectly sound one when the electors know what they want in order to lead healthy lives; and so long as the electors do not know this, no system can be sound. No doubt the difficulty of making this knowledge general is very great. Upon no subject perhaps is the prevailing ignorance so universal and so profound. Dr. CARPENTER mentions that a tenant who succeeded him in a house in which he once lived took away certain ventilating pipes which Dr. CARPENTER had put up. In this case the work of enlightenment may be supposed to have been quickly done; for death from typhoid fever followed in a few weeks. The remarkable thing, however, is that a man rich enough to live in a good house should have been so completely ignorant of sanitary laws as not merely not to take the necessary precautions against disease, but to do away with them when they were actually in existence. This may be a solitary case; but the case of a man who does not know whether these precautions have been taken or not, or is not aware that there is any reason why they should be taken, is very much more common. The only way in which this ignorance can be got rid of is by constant missionary efforts on the part of doctors. It is not, it must be admitted, a very pleasant function that is

here assigned to them. There is nothing about which people are more sensitive than the sanitary state of their houses. To tell a friend that there is a smell of sewer gas in his hall or on his staircase is the worst possible way of recommending yourself to his good graces; and when the person addressed is a patient instead of a friend, the unwelcome intelligence may mean loss of money to the informer as well as loss of temper in the informed. Yet, if doctors will not do their duty in this way, it seems hopeless to expect any large measure of sanitary improvement. No one can hold intelligent views as to the drainage of the town in which his house is situated if he is utterly careless about the drainage of the house itself. Sanitary charity must begin at home. The man who does not provide for the health of his own household is pretty sure to be an infidel as regards the health of other households. As yet it is exceedingly doubtful whether the majority of doctors are themselves well instructed upon these points. This defect, however, it is in our power to remedy. To determine what shall be the kinds and amount of knowledge possessed by persons licensed to practise as doctors is a matter strictly within the control of the State; and it might easily be provided that, if any doctor was careless as regards the sanitary condition either of his own house or of other people's, he should at all events be sinning against light. Much also may be done by the chiefs of the medical profession. If eminent physicians would but set the fashion of instituting a strict examination of the drains of every new patient's house, it would soon become the recognized note of a rising young doctor to do the same thing.

A great part of Dr. CARPENTER'S address was devoted to the praise of sewage irrigation. We shall not attempt to decide whether he has or has not proved that this system possesses all the advantages which he claims for it. All that need be said is that the time seems to have come when the Government ought to make some decided advance towards a conclusion upon the point. The difficulty of disposing of sewage increases every day; and even sanitary authorities which are anxious to administer their districts well are often puzzled how to do so in the presence of so many conflicting recommendations. That sewage irrigation may not be theoretically perfect is quite possible; but the theoretically perfect method of getting rid of sewage, like the theoretically perfect man-of-war, is always retiring as we advance towards it. The question in the two cases is pretty much the same—Can we afford to do without what seems to be the best attainable pattern at the moment, while waiting for the pattern which shall be absolutely and definitively the best? We are disposed to answer that the loss involved in waiting for a perfectly unascertained time will be far greater than the loss involved in adopting a system which may conceivably be superseded by and by. If sewage irrigation had been universally adopted in the first instance, the sanitary state of the country would have been infinitely in advance of what it is now; and there are certainly no present signs that it would have been in any danger of being supplanted by a newer and better plan. A small Royal Commission, composed of eminent doctors and engineers, might usefully be appointed to report, not upon the question what is abstractedly the best method of disposing of sewage, but upon the much simpler question, which is the best method of those now before the public.

SUPERANNUATED LIVES.

IT has been a familiar question for argument whether and to what extent the prospect of death influences men in the practical conduct of affairs in life. This inquiry has, indeed, its deeper aspects in its relation to the unseen and spiritual; but the anticipation of death has, besides these, its negative relation to the ordinary duties and circumstances of human life; and common phrases in speech serve to illustrate either a carefulness or a carelessness of mental attitude in respect of the after-time which may well be reflected in the details of personal action. A parallel, yet distinct question, upon which experience and observation are continually supplying the material from which a judgment may be formed, will arise if for the idea of death we substitute the seemingly identical one of "ceasing to live"—but defining "life," for the immediate purpose, as an active and conscious participation in and influence upon the affairs of men, whether on a wider or narrower field being necessarily immaterial. A convenient form of expression for the condition in which the values of personal force and weight, (to take a metaphor from dynamics) are respectively *nil*, as having disappeared, may be found in the term "super-

annuation," which in its ordinary sense represents an approximation to or direction towards such a condition. The incidental application of the term to periods of school-life or to competitive examinations, where it merely refers to a regulated limit of age, may be set aside as only technical. The superannuated man is one who is, or is regarded as being, too old for the efficient performance of the duties which have been assigned to him in life. His removal from them may be either without his own option, upon the decision of others, or it may be an immunity which he is entitled to claim, but of which it is not obligatory upon him to take advantage. It may well be, as it is often in experience found to be, a difficult thing for a man's own judgment to admit himself to be completely superannuated; and it is still more difficult to acknowledge a special loss of power in relation to some particular subject or pursuit than to acquiesce in a general condition of helplessness, under which his physical health may perhaps leave him neither option nor doubt.

The struggle to retain a prominence or influence once held and acknowledged will obviously be maintained more eagerly than the attempt to continue a confessedly unsuccessful race; and, as a consequence, the men who have really made their mark on the world, larger or smaller, in which they have lived will resist or resent the idea of their superannuation more fiercely and persistently than those who have from the first been nowhere, or merely in the tail of the crowd. The sight of such a struggle will provoke a criticism which at the same time it disarms. Censure gives way to tenderness and sympathy for a man who is too much still his old self to know when to retire and draw the veil. Nature has traced no hard and fast line of years or constitution which mental activity cannot overpass, and the sight of men ten, or even twenty, years his seniors still in the full blaze of public life, and still apparently in possession of their accustomed vigour and influence, will exercise anything but a persuasive force upon one who ought perhaps to have learnt long since the unpalatable truth—"Tempus abire tibi est." To many minds for whom the thought of death has no gloominess, much less any terror, the anticipation of being shelved, and of no working use or power, perhaps through a series of years, may be inexpressibly dreary. Death is an event of which there is no duration or record of experience; this is a state of protracted endurance, known and observed, with remembered compassion, in its effect upon others. It is scarcely matter of wonder, therefore, if its approach is discredited and its dominion resisted and denied with an almost passionate eagerness. No one probably, in early or in vigorous life, practically expects to grow feeble or helpless at all, so far at least as mental powers are concerned. And this implied continuance of association with the world in which he lives leads in some minds, though perhaps not generally, to a kind of unconscious claim to the immortality of classical legend. In matters of national life or of public interest the pages of the future do not seem to be beyond the range of personal knowledge as they await their opening, any more than the historical pages of the past. It is as though the course of the world's life were expected to go on while the man's personal life stands still. No such unacknowledged delusion, indeed, influences his relations to private life, except in some cases of revisionary expectations. No one supposes that he will outlive the generation next below him, or be other than an old man when the children round him are middle-aged. Instances may be found where a next heir will waste half his life and more than half his fortune in litigation with the life-tenant in possession, a man many years his junior; but his excuse is made to rest on the ordinary chances affecting a single life, and he is backing himself at heavy odds against him. Yet the sexagenarian of to-day, born in the closing years of the longest English reign, although he has never consciously said to himself that he will survive, say, the Duke of Cambridge, has very probably been in the habit of forecasting the conditions of English monarchy, or the probable numbers and social position of the members of the Royal Family, in the reign of the Queen's grandson, with no recognized acceptance of the fact that he will not himself be able to test the accuracy of his own speculations. Perhaps this dream-like attitude of mind in relation to current history may have resulted in part from the rapid succession of reigns in the childhood and youth of the generation to which we refer; and it is at least conceivable that an exactly opposite experience may have affected a generation born in the earlier years of Louis XIV., or even of our own George III., to whom the doctrine that "the King never dies" may have presented itself in an extremely literal sense.

Without some implicit belief that we shall—or rather without some unconscious disbelief that we shall not—be present to see the results of our own plans and labours, it might be hard to throw any energy into life at all. Men will indeed project their personal being into that of their children; but it has been doubted whether any man cares for his possible great-grandson; and the case of childless workers, who have no family tie to the future, is one of common experience. The traditional explanation that such men are working for fame, in order that their names may be cherished by posterity, requires a more exact definition before its meaning can be grasped. The abstract idea of "posterity" may only mean, in fact, an index-maker or a candidate for the Civil Service; and the kind of fame which consists in the addition of one more to the interminable list of names to be crammed, together with the invention or performance which gave it celebrity, will not always carry with it a grateful or admiring recognition.

The consciousness of superannuation, when it really presents itself to a hitherto active and not altogether unsuccessful man,

must in its nature operate as a sudden and disagreeable jar and shock. He has been travelling along a hitherto open road, not looking over-closely ahead; and he is half stunned by the obstruction over which he falls, and which effectually stops his progress. Or perhaps he has refused to acknowledge the signs of failing powers which have been plain to every one round him, and when at last he awakes to the consciousness that he cannot go a step further, the awakening is a very bitter one. He is fortunate if he has recognized such signs in time, and has acted on their warning. Younger men have come up in his place to do better than he could the work which he once did well. He does not lead or influence with the old security of result his party or his set upon questions which had been customarily regarded as his own special province. Once an oracle, there are indications here and there that he is regarded as crotchety or as a bore. He will do wisely to accept the hints and to withdraw his pretensions to leadership before they are openly disputed or denied. Yet it is possible to carry out such a purpose of self-abnegation honestly enough, but in a partial and imperfect manner. The superannuated man of public or local influence may retire into his library, and yet carry with him an obstinate resistance to his lot. The snare of letter-writing is peculiarly dangerous in his solitude. If his name is of sufficient mark, he is free in dull seasons to be as garrulous as he pleases in the *Times*, either directly or by the insertion of copies of his "answers to correspondents." More commonly, however, his name is of no weight in a London sub-editor's eyes, and then he will betake himself to long correspondence with men whose names are before the world, and to whom in some way or other he has been personally known. The result too often is that he only wears his friends and overshadows a reputation previously earned for clearness of perception and force of character.

It is only the special privilege of a few to remain in sympathy with the action, and to keep abreast with the progress of thought, of later and younger generations, when for practical work they find their days of superannuation arrived. Most of us are constitutionally old-fashioned, and unable or unwilling to move except in the accustomed grooves, and slow to adapt ourselves to unfamiliar ways. This result of the general law of *risinertie* may throw the gloom of disappointment over a superannuated life. The indulgence of any such regret is an obvious and useless mistake, because a special interest will always attach to the preservation of a machine out of date, the working of which is not despised because it has been superseded. A succession of superannuated lives form the links between the present and the past; and the world is much too good-natured to regard such lives as mere incumbrances, although their possessors may be harassed by a half-morbid, half-cynical impression that, as they are no longer able to work, they have forfeited their right to eat. And, in fact, if the superannuated man will only be modest enough to make the admission, there remain a variety of uses to which he may be put. His old functions in the world must be discharged by others, whether he likes it or not; but the cases are very exceptional in which he cannot manage somehow to be useful as he potters about, even if it be only in making a clearance of the withered flowers and faded leaves to which he mentally compares himself. No one will look on him as an obstruction if he will be content to withdraw himself from the crowded thoroughfares of life; and there will be no trace of depreciation or contempt, but much of kindness, both present and retrospective, in the comments which he may chance to overhear from the seat where he is resting:—"Ah, poor old gentleman! he isn't much to look at now, but he has done a deal of good work in his time."

HOW TO FIGHT A DUEL.

MACAULAY declared that it was almost incredible, in spite of documentary evidence, that any one should ever have wished to fight a writer in the *Morning Post*. Times have changed; a warlike spirit is abroad, and a thing has happened which would perhaps have surprised Macaulay. The editor of the *Daily Telegraph* has been challenged to fight a duel. Now duels have been so uncommon lately that the most honourable and touchy of men may have forgotten the laws of the game. The mere customs, as preserved in the works of British novelists, do not constitute a code, and may lead the martial journalist into fatal errors. Very happily, a complete and elaborate code has just been issued by Count du Verges de Saint-Thomas (Paris: Dentu), the Justinian of the duel. This excellent writer (of whom we would be understood to speak with the most extreme respect) justly claims the praise due to the humanitarian and the philanthropist. "Nous obtiendrons tout au moins l'estime toujours accordée à l'honnête homme désireux de se rendre utile au bien de l'humanité." Humanity in England stands sorely in need of the advice of the Count du Verges de Saint-Thomas. We may all of us have to act as seconds at any moment, and the Count has made the complicated duties of seconds his peculiar care. But first he explodes an opinion commonly held in this country. When a man is challenged, and, doubtless for excellent reasons, does not choose to risk his life, he is apt to say that the challenger is beneath his notice, that he will not go out with such a fellow. But to do this in France (where the game is as well understood as cricket in England), is to show the white feather in the meanest and most cowardly way. "No one," says the Count, "has a right thus to

issue, *ad hoc*, and where his own interests are concerned, his decrees of unworthiness." The law sometimes stamps a character by a degrading punishment, and there are cases of socially notorious persons, who are expelled from their clubs and are not permitted to associate with gentlemen. Short of this, all challenges must be faced, and people who say "You are not worthy of my steel," are called *lâcheurs* in France.

Let us come now to the sort of offence which justifies a challenge. There are three categories, in Touchstone's manner—the offence simple, the offence with insult, and the offence accompanied by blows. The offended party, not the challenged, as English people suppose, has the choice of weapons. This is very important. Suppose a bully hits a weaker man, who then challenges, the bully, by the Italian custom which gives the challenged the choice of weapons, has a great advantage. By the French system, a series of delicate rules decides as to who is the offender, and, where the decision is impossible or very difficult, the choice of arms is decided by lot. Suppose a man calls another a liar, and the aggrieved party replies that his insulter is a coward, he who began the insult is still the offender, and his opponent has still the choice of weapons. The same rule holds if blows are exchanged. "C'est celui qui le premier a été touché, qui reste l'offensé."

Gentlemen who think that they will benefit their reputation by assailing their neighbours only prove their ignorance of the consequences or their indifference to danger. To strike an opponent is to provoke a scuffle, and, after a scuffle, the rules of the sport demand a duel *à outrance*. That is to say one at least, of the combatants must be either killed or utterly disabled. Otherwise the duel that follows a scuffle does not count, the "honour" of the parties is not cleared, and both are "in a parlous state." "This should make us very careful how we pitch into each other," as the little boy in *Punch* said when he learned that we are all made of dust. However the rule may work, it is intended to prevent those disgraceful rows which are not uncommon in England. It is calculated that men will think twice about cuffing and boxing each other if they know that the only way of whitewashing themselves afterwards is a duel to the death. Let it be observed, that when a man has been struck or kicked, he has not only choice of weapons, but of distances. It would seem that he may challenge his enemy to fight across a table, but that form of battle the Count would probably class among "exceptional duels," against which he sets his face, in the interests of humanity, just as the rules of Rugby football discountenance biting and scratching.

Can a nephew take up the quarrel of his uncle, or a son of his father, as Olive Newcome, for example, offered to represent the Colonel in the affair with Barnes? The son or nephew may do so if the father is too feeble, if the opponent is nearer the age of the son, and if the father (or uncle) be over sixty years of age. Corporations have no conscience; but in France they have the point of honour. If a man offends the Royal Academy, or the Lord Mayor and the Municipality, one R.A. or Associate, or Common Councilman, may take up the affair and send his challenge. But, if the R.A. falls before the pistol of (say) an offending critic, or if the City Remembrancer "pots" the Common Councilman, there is an end of the affair. The Corporation cannot summon another of her children, and call "another for Hector," like the old Highlander in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, but must be content with affairs as they stand. The French army seems not to consider itself a corporation; for some years ago subalterns, one after another, challenged a journalist to avenge some insult to the flag.

It is very difficult, the Count says with truth, to get satisfaction for offences committed by newspapers. "Abandoned to its licentious passions, the press becomes a dagger, the most dangerous weapon with which the malignant can stab the honour of families or individuals." Yet the noxious writer too often skulks behind some responsible man of straw, or some bravo who "does the fighting" for his journal. The Count has a very strong opinion as to the policy of making ladies in any way privy to duels. As to combats between the fair, he very properly refuses to legislate for them. He mentions some Amazons, as "la dame de Chaton Gay de Muret," who was slain in single fight, Mme. de Saint-Balmont and Mlle. Maupin the dancer. Most people have heard how Mme. de Polignac fought Mme. de Nesle with pistols, and wounded her, in the Bois de Boulogne. The Count rules that, "Les femmes ne sont admissibles ni comme acteur, ni comme témoin, dans les rencontres."

The duties of seconds occupy much space in the Count's indispensable volume. As a rule, of course, they must prevent their principals from meeting and making it up. But if one of the duellists is of no skill with his weapons, while the other is a master of foil or pistol, we gather that the seconds may try to arrange matters even on the ground. They should not allow either party more than a minute to aim, but a wounded man is allowed two minutes, after which he is out of the game. A quarter of an hour's delay on the ground is quite grace enough to give an unpunctual duellist. In a fight with sabre or rapier, no one should be permitted to parry with his hand; it is as illegal as the *coup de botte*, or "log before wicket" in England. The old school of fence permitted the use of a dagger in the left hand, for parrying. In a sword duel, the seconds are armed with big sticks to enforce their decisions.

In fighting with pistols the distance between the parties should be fifteen paces. M. Gambetta fights at thirty or forty paces; it is more statesmanlike. The pistols should be equally

strange to both parties. The length of barrel must be the same in both weapons. When once on the ground the principals bow politely; that is all they have to do, till the seconds have completed their arrangements. The seconds must feel the bodies of the men to see that they carry nothing which might break the force of a bullet. Some one fought a banker once, and hit him in the waistcoat, without satisfactory results. The banker had been struck in a portmanteau full of gold, and his adversary congratulated him on "the skilful investment of his money." After both parties have promised to comply with the articles of battle, the second says, "I warn you that at the word *armez* you must cock your pistols, and that honour forbids you to fire, before I say *tirez*." The men are then placed, the word *armez* is given, and, after a few seconds, *tirez*. The combatants fire in succession; the first has a minute in which to aim, and the second a minute after the other pistol has gone off—two minutes, if he is hit. This is the manner of the stationary duel. It really seems as if the combatants must generally be rather nervous, for it might be thought next to impossible to miss an object the size of a man at fifteen paces with a minute allowed for aiming. The duel *au signal* we recommend to peaceful souls averse to bloodshed. From twenty-five to thirty-five paces separate the opponents. The signal to fire is given by one of the seconds clapping his hands thrice in half a minute. In this duel the principals fire simultaneously, and it is rather a snap shot at best. To fire too soon or too late is to commit a felony. If one man has fired and the other reserves his fire, the seconds must run between them. A pleasing duty this for disinterested friends of the parties!

No amount of precept is so useful as an example. Let us take the Dujarrier-Beauvallon duel as an instance which shows us what to avoid. This affair happened when the newspapers were always fighting. The *Globe* fought the *Réforme* and the *National*, and the *Presse* fought the *Globe*. Sainte-Beuve fought under an umbrella on a rainy day. At this time De Beauvallon forced a duel on Dujarrier. Both were pressmen; Dujarrier had never fought, and Roger de Beauvoir challenged him on the same day as Beauvallon. Dujarrier chose pistols, as Beauvallon was a noted fencer. On the ground, the day being cold, Beauvallon kept Dujarrier waiting for an hour and a half. His seconds ought to have withdrawn their man. The pistols used were those of Beauvallon's second, and Bertrand (Dujarrier's second) noticed that they were blackened with smoke inside the barrels, as if they had been fired. When the signal was given, Dujarrier's pistol went off before he had taken aim. "M. de Beauvallon releva lentement son arme, ajusta lentement." "Mais tirez donc—tirez donc, s'écria M. B." Beauvallon fired, and Dujarrier fell dead. Two years later it was proved that Beauvallon had practised for the duel with the pistols of his second. Beauvallon was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, d'Equevilly to the same, and Bertrand was fined 20*l.* for neglecting his duties as a second and allowing the smoke-blackened pistols to be used.

If any attempt is made to revive duelling in England, it may not be easy to find men daring enough to be seconds. The Count's book may then become a manual at the Universities.

PRINCE LEOPOLD AT SHEFFIELD.

SHEFFIELD enjoys a strangely mixed reputation. It is probably, with the single exception of Belfast, the most beautifully situated of our great manufacturing towns. Not only does it stand itself in a fine landscape, but it is hardly a walk from some of the best woodland scenery in England. Its staple trade in cutlery brings wealth to many of its inhabitants, and the grinding of knives and scissors has been reduced almost to a fine art. The manufacture of Bessemer steel is an operation rather of chemical science than of operative skill. Intelligence and industry are perhaps more intimately combined in Sheffield than in any other town of its size. And it has for a long series of years benefited by the munificence of a series of public-spirited philanthropists, who have both pointed out the way and themselves led the van of mental culture among their fellow-townsmen. Such are some of the advantages of Sheffield, but the other side of the balance-sheet is not so satisfactory. It has always been the headquarters of trade outrage; it is even now true that "rattening" is an institution almost peculiar to the place. Certain quarters are said to be literally peopled with savages. Sanitary regulations are habitually set at naught. Notwithstanding the healthiness of the situation, the death-rate is high. The town has had the misfortune—for it is little less—of being the property almost exclusively of a single family, and that a family of the Romanist persuasion. A protracted minority, or some similar cause, for years prevented the granting of long leases; and, as a consequence, there is probably no town of its size in England with so few public buildings of importance or architectural beauty, though it has recently been announced that the landlord is about to build a chapel in honour of the birth of his heir. The back slums are proverbially miserable and ill-built. Whoever has done anything in the way of improvement has laboured under the heaviest drawbacks. Until very recently the impossibility of adding to the church accommodation drove unwilling thousands into dissent; and, though Sheffield has shared in the religious movements of the last twenty years, and has largely benefited by

them, there is still a great deal of heavy and uphill work to be done, and the arrears of centuries of neglect to be paid. But a few large-minded men have under such disadvantages found the greater scope for their self-denying labours; and it may safely be asserted that nowhere else has progress been more wholly due to the exertions of private persons. Much remains to be done; but, if the next ten years offer as many examples as the past ten of public spirit and liberality, it may be confidently predicted that the reproach of Sheffield will be wiped away.

Technical education has, as might be expected, received the largest share of attention in this renaissance Sheffield. A museum has for some years existed of objects calculated to stir up a spirit of emulation among skilled mechanics. Lectures by eminent scientific men and by art professors from the Universities have been received joyfully and largely attended by workmen as well as employers. The desire for improvement in this direction has been stimulated in many ways with such success that it has at length become possible not only to open what will be a great art and science school, but to obtain its recognition by the Universities, and to make it a centre of study in subjects outside the mechanical or technical pursuits that are naturally most at home in such a place. It is not, however, to the one or two great landowners who draw their incomes from the town that it has to look for this and kindred institutions. As in the great commercial cities of mediæval Europe, the private merchant, who has made his own money, and who has himself perhaps suffered from the want of what he would freely give to his fellow-townsmen, is the leader of the movement. We have seen the same beneficent spirit abroad in Liverpool, Newcastle, and other places; but it may be doubted whether any of our towns have had more cause to thank their own sons than Sheffield. Mr. Mark Firth has already laid it under heavy obligations. Besides an extensive series of almshouses, he years ago provided for the poor what was more urgently needed there than in most places—a public park. Not content with this, or, as Prince Leopold gracefully suggested the other day, having tasted the happiness of great and generous actions, he now comes forward with the magnificent gift of a college building worthy of his native town; and, indeed, one of the two or three buildings of anything like architectural pretensions of which it can yet boast. It stands in a wide new street, named after Mr. Firth, and forms part of a group which comprises the School Board offices and a place for the higher education of promising pupils from the ordinary schools. These different institutions are picturesquely arranged, and so designed as to form one whole building, but with its three component parts clearly distinguished. The cost of Firth College, as it is to be called, is about 20,000*l.*, all of which has been defrayed by the founder, who has also contributed a third of the sum of 15,000*l.* provided for scholarships. There will be accommodation for a thousand listeners in the lecture-hall, and everything else is on a similar scale. The success of such an institution will largely depend at first on the efficiency of the teachers, and it will probably be some years before much evidence is given to the world at large of the results of its training. Gradually, however, if things are well managed at first, the spirit of the place will impress itself favourably on the students, and we may anticipate progress, especially in the department of art, among a population employed in mechanical work like that which provides the staple of Sheffield trade. The "needy knife-grinder" may look forward to the facilities afforded to his children to raise themselves by better teaching than he could obtain; and it will be strange indeed if the knowledge and study of chemistry—always of so great importance here—does not lead to improved processes in many branches of manufacture.

Notwithstanding the ill health with which Prince Leopold has always had to contend, he has already, and while still young, made a distinct mark in the world both as a serious thinker and as a ready and even powerful speaker. His position in the Royal Family is remote from the succession to the throne. There are just a dozen Princes and Princesses between him and the possibility of becoming even an heir presumptive. He can therefore speak with something of the same freedom as any other public man; but his speeches have an authority of their own, derived as much from the high intellectual level to which he has attained as from his exalted rank. The proceedings of last Monday did not afford scope for such an effort as that which at once surprised and pleased his hearers on a recent occasion in London; but the words he uttered were marked by characteristic refinement, and by something also of the eloquence with which he has already made us familiar. It must indeed have been a pleasant task to thank Mr. Firth before his fellow-townsmen for his munificent gift, and some of the sentences in this part of the speech were very happily turned. Mr. Firth's gift is received with pleasure, but without surprise. His college is destined to be a bridge to connect the primary with the higher walks of education. Nor were the thanks to Mr. Firth unminged with an admonition to others to go and do likewise. Great as has been his generosity, it leaves abundant scope for emulation among the other wealthy men of Sheffield. And the high privileges of the giver were well pointed out, with a kind of apology, certainly required in Sheffield, for those who in the enjoyment of large incomes from hereditary estates are weighed down by the extensive claims upon them. The Prince evidently approves of the higher education of women, which we gladly observe, without committing ourselves to his views on the female degree. Of the Victoria University he said that "it will not be behindhand in recognizing the claims of women's minds to respect and cultivation." In speaking of

the connexion of the new college with the older Universities, he made an observation too often forgotten at the present day; the time-honoured traditions and the memories which they call up of the best and ablest spirits of bygone days are in themselves an education such as no new institution can imitate or equal. There was a happy reference also to Mr. Firth's previous gift of a park to his native town, a gift made in order to afford the children of Sheffield an opportunity of learning from nature "those lessons which are the rightful inheritance of childhood, and without which no man can be said to have had his fair chance in the world." This is very well and tersely put. Education increases and enhances the power of enjoying simple pleasures, and is calculated to counteract ostentation, vanity, and self-indulgence. It is much to be hoped that the people who heard the Prince will lay this sentiment to heart. Certainly no town in England needs such teaching more than Sheffield. It will add to the happiness of long life if some of the men of this generation survive to see the effect of the efforts made by Mr. Firth and others to raise the morals of large towns. One cannot feel very sanguine as to their success; but if they do succeed some may possibly remember years hence the words of Prince Leopold when he prophesied that "far-off generations shall rise up and call such men blessed."

Without at all overrating the importance of Prince Leopold's visit to Sheffield, it is impossible not to believe that many will be the better for it. Everything that tends to show the hard-worked mechanic that those above him in the social scale are not unmindful of his welfare in itself helps to raise him. And the manly words of encouragement and counsel with which the speech was brought to a conclusion were well calculated to impress the fact on his mind. The terrible air of ugliness which not long ago Sheffield wore, which made it a hideous blot upon one of the fairest landscapes in England, is being gradually dissipated. Much, indeed, remains for the Mark Firths of the future to do. But we must endeavour to share the happy faith of the Prince, that labourers will not be wanting for the task. The example set is, no doubt, a very high one, and few can hope to attain to it; but it may be that the mere fact of such things having been done will influence the traditions of the place, as the memories of bygone ages influence the associations of the Universities. It is always doubtful how far presents like this are wholesome. It may not always be good for a town that what ought to be public duties should fall upon the individual. If, however, the custom of giving to the common weal became universal, this objection would cease to exist; and a society where every one contributed his share to the mental cultivation and prosperity of his fellows would be an ideal far beyond even the grotesquely named Utopia of Dr. Richardson. Mr. Firth's self-denial and generosity may stir up the self-denial and generosity of others, and we can only hope that the effort to help them may urge the people of Sheffield to obtain similar benefits in the future as the direct result of their own exertions.

AN INDIAN TEACHER OF STYLE.

IN these days when nearly every lady is a famous novelist, and when the members of the aristocracy spend their leisure in solving acrostics or in contributing brilliant parodies to the Society journals, it seems almost absurd to assume that there can be any one left in the world who has not acquired a perfect literary style. The art of writing is on all hands acknowledged to be so simple that the only problem reserved for the next generation will be to find readers for what is written. There is already a manifest tendency to regard reading as an occupation fit only for an inferior intelligence, and the time must surely come when the School Board will expect every child to publish a successful novel before entering upon any of the more serious duties of life. Job's mischievous desire that his enemy would write a book would be absolutely irrelevant to the present state of society. His difficulty now would be to find either an enemy or friend who had not written a book. Nor does the practice of literature expose its professors to any particular penalties, save in those exceptional instances where the cultivation of an elegant style is combined with a taste for libel. But even the terrors of assault are not likely to stem the current of literary production; for the literature of libel now assumes the dignity of a distinct branch of authorship, with its own severe laws of taste and style. In this general diffusion of literary power it is almost refreshing to find an author who believes that the art of writing correctly is only to be acquired by labour and study. Mr. Rutnagar, of Bombay, from whom we have just received a little volume of model essays, is evidently under the impression that there is still something left to teach and somebody willing to learn. He addresses himself to the candidates for matriculation, and to "boys in general," and he hopes to find in both these classes a certain number of readers to whom his efforts will be of use. Like Mr. Froude, he has published a number of short studies on great subjects, and in every essay, to quote the words of the preface, there are "easy allusions to men of genius and their works." By the help of these "easy allusions," as well as by the general attractiveness of his material, Mr. Rutnagar hopes to assist Indian boys in acquiring a correct and simple English style. If his efforts prove successful, a very formidable addition will doubtless be made to the already overcrowded ranks of literary genius. Indian boys are, we may assume, very much like "boys in general," and as literature is now the ac-

cepted career for the youth of both sexes, Mr. Rutnagar and his little book may possibly be the means of creating a new race of English authors. That such a wholesale conversion of the natives of India into a compact tribe of novelists would prove a source of safety to the Government is likely enough, and against such a possible advantage it would be idle to urge any petty scruples derived from our own experience. But, if the citizens of our Eastern Empire are destined to occupy themselves with the labours of English composition, the present is not perhaps an unfavourable moment for discussing the models of style which should be offered for their imitation. For, in spite of the vigour of our School Boards and the immense learning of our lady novelists, it would scarcely be safe to let the Indian boy adopt all the graces of our contemporary school. It is perhaps no longer possible to change the direction of English taste, but it is still within our power to control the literary tendencies of these subject-races; and it therefore behoves us to scrutinize very carefully the kind of teaching which is offered by such a manual as Mr. Rutnagar has compiled, so that, as he himself expresses it, "If Indian boys learn anything from it, it will be only good."

There is one quality in regard to which these essays by Mr. Rutnagar are altogether irreproachable. They may occasionally be found lacking in wit, but their consistent brevity is beyond praise. No subject, whatever its importance, is allowed to occupy more than a single page. Within these modest limits he disposes of the claims of Greek literature, and even so enthralling a subject as the Bombay University is not permitted to transgress the allotted space. Considering the fidelity with which the author observes this self-imposed condition, the "easy allusions to men of genius" are astonishingly numerous. Indeed, an allusion to a man of genius seems to be quite the easiest of Mr. Rutnagar's literary accomplishments. In the first essay in the volume, in which he discusses the subject of education, he contrives to find room for a graceful reference to Cobden and Thucydides, John Stuart Mill, Mr. Bright, Palmerston, Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Goschen. But it is not to be supposed that the introduction of these men of genius in any way hinders Mr. Rutnagar from expressing opinions of his own. Although these essays are in the first instance intended as models of style, they are made the vehicle of a vast amount of interesting information, and of very definite views upon nearly every conceivable subject. Thus we are told, under the heading of "Fine Arts," that "Europe has produced many artists whose pictures of scenes in history and fable have won the admiration of all civilized mankind." This is indisputable in fact and irreproachable in style; but the further assertion that "the greatest exhibition is the Royal Academy Exhibition in London, on which occasion are assembled all the great men in the kingdom, including the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister," suggests the reflection that for "boys in general," and Indian boys in particular, Mr. Rutnagar is not altogether a trustworthy guide, either as regards the fine arts themselves or the problems of English composition. Our confidence in his fitness for the office of a teacher of youth is still more rudely shaken by a remark that Englishmen are distinguished as sculptors, and that Lord Beaconsfield's after-dinner speeches at the Royal Academy are "masterpieces of eloquence." In another essay Mr. Rutnagar explains to his readers the organization of an English newspaper. He begins the consideration of this subject with the startling announcement that "there is a paper published in Northern England, in the town of Darlington, called the *Northern Echo*, which is sold for a halfpenny," and that, by the instrumentality of this excellent journal, the humblest pitman can get as much news "as a Duke living in the neighbourhood." This interesting parallel between the pitman and the duke is not carried further, for the remainder of the page is devoted to a succinct account of the inner life of a newspaper-office. On the staff of a daily paper there is, we are assured, "a man called the editor." He is assisted by a sub-editor, "whose business is to compress into brief paragraphs the news from all the corners of the earth," and by leader-writers, "who treat special subjects with which they are best acquainted." In conclusion, Mr. Rutnagar presents the Indian boy with a slight, but masterly, portrait of the "Special Correspondent." This important person "is not necessarily acquainted with phonography or the shorthand system of writing." The indispensable qualification for such a post is "a great command over picturesque language" and an ability to provide "glowing descriptions of anything in which the majority of the people take a great deal of interest."

This essay on the daily newspaper is perhaps the most complete and exhaustive of the series. Occasionally the writer's resources seem to be crippled through want of space, and he cannot always command an equal felicity of expression. His characterization of the genius of Shakespeare is, for example, strikingly inferior to his portrait of the "Special Correspondent." His mode of dividing the dramatist's literary career into periods, though by no means new, may possibly prove of interest to the New Shakspeare Society, and his description of the various moods of the poet has an air of intimate knowledge which is not altogether without fascination. In the first group of plays Shakespeare, we are informed, is serving his "apprenticeship in the literary workshop." When we next meet him he is "plunging into the world," with the inevitable result that in the third period of his life "we find him in rather gloomy spirits." Happily, however, such gloom was not destined to be permanent, for ultimately "the dark and heavy cloud which rested over his mind appears to have cleared away." This intelligence of a happy end must be a source of satisfaction to the poet's many friends and admirers, who will of course be duly

grateful to Mr. Rutnagar. While our author proves himself to be thus intimate with the great men of the past, he is by no means indifferent to the movement of modern ideas. He contrives within the limits of a hundred pages to touch upon nearly every conceivable subject that can occupy the mind of man. From the "Power of Prayer" to the "Bombay Tramway," and from "Infanticide" to the "Rights of Women" and "The Love of Mankind," nothing that can possibly be considered of interest to the world escapes his notice. To the boys of India this little volume will almost serve as a liberal education. If it fails to instruct them in the principles of English style, it must at any rate provide them with much curious knowledge concerning English life and manners. It is no small advantage to have the guidance of a teacher who is equally at home in discussing "the game of cricket" and the "classical languages," and who can extract from every theme some message of instruction or delight. As a master of style Mr. Rutnagar perhaps leaves something to desire, and, like many of the men of genius to whom he is accustomed to make "easy allusions," he is possibly mistaken as to the real direction of his powers. But, if he cannot teach style himself, he has at least introduced to the Indian boy the commanding figure of the "Special Correspondent," and from the Special Correspondent the ambitious youth of the East will be able to acquire all that is needed for a complete mastery over the English tongue.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CONVERT.

THE author of a little book which has come into our hands, under the title of *Pages from the Autobiography of a Convert to Rome*, is content to describe himself on the title-page by his initials, but the successive phases both of his outward and his mental life are laid before us in the body of the work with a frankness which leaves nothing to be desired. In the preface he is careful to base his claim to public attention on the fact—expressly emphasized—that he "has changed his religion more than once"; which to some readers might appear rather to diminish than to enhance the value of "the thoughts and works which have determined a very Protestant mind to cling finally to Catholicism." A capacious critic might indeed be tempted to question the author's right, under all the circumstances, to assume too confidently the finality of his latest decision. In early life he became a Roman Catholic without, on his own showing, having any adequate grounds for so serious a step; some years later he found it an equally "simple and easy performance" to return to the Church of England, where he was next ordained by Bishop Wilberforce; and he "finally"—on grounds which appeared to himself, but may hardly appear to his readers, conclusive—once more joined the Church of Rome. It may not unnaturally be asked why his judgment on the controversy, which has already been thrice deliberately reversed, should not hereafter be subjected to a fourth revision. However we need not concern ourselves with speculations about the future. We agree with "W. N." who writes seriously and with transparent sincerity, in thinking that a certain interest attaches to the strange self-revelation he has laid before us, though we are quite unable to agree with him in recognizing, to say the least, any better grounds for his third and final than for any of his previous changes of belief, or rather of position, for his actual belief all along seems to have undergone very little change. Indeed it is difficult to understand, unless he had some more cogent reasons in reserve, how he can have arrived at such a conclusion himself.

The Convert is the son of a clergyman "belonging to what is called the Ritualistic school," and was brought up chiefly in Scotland, amidst High Church associations, modified by the counter influence of his Free Kirk tutor, the late Dr. Tulloch of Aberdeen; and he is thus led to draw a parallel between the position of the Scotch Episcopal Church and the Roman Church in England:—

It will strike the reader at once that a Scotch Episcopalian was therefore in a very similar position to what a Roman Catholic was forty years ago in England. The same small select body with a smattering of Peers, who in the one case were proud of their Jacobite antecedents and gloried in the troubles they had undergone for poor Prince Charlie, the same body of very poor persons, the same lack in one case as in the other of the middle class; a very obvious absence, for in England as well as Scotland the lower-middle class is the home of all that is unromantic, ungenerous and puritanical; from the middle-class comes the great love of self-gratification and detestation of those below them, with fawning adulation of their superiors and a would-be piousness in demeanour which render the typical Englishman an object of disgust to the whole Latin race in Europe.

From Aberdeen he came to Ramsgate, where he formed a friendship with the amiable but eccentric Edward Pugin, son of the famous Pugin, who eventually induced him to join the Church of Rome, though he contented himself with "assimilating" such Roman doctrines as suited his moral and mental wants and did not trouble himself about the rest, nor did his new guides think it necessary to give him any instruction on the subject. As to transubstantiation he was indifferent or incredulous; absolution he looked on as at best an edifying but superfluous ceremony; relic-worship he scornfully repudiated, and he did not like the ritual. But in spite of these little drawbacks he spent some years, if we rightly understand him, very happily at St. Edmund's College, Ware, preparing for the priesthood, till the infallibilist controversy once more disturbed his peace of mind, and the tidings, read one morning "on the outside of a Bayswater bus, coming into town from Kensington," of the final triumph of the infallibilist party at the Vatican, at length determined him to

retrace his steps. He put out a pamphlet to explain "Why I left the Church of Rome," which met the approval of Bishop Wilberforce, who ordained him and gave him work in his diocese. So far his course is intelligible enough. His original conversion to the Church of Rome was a matter of "strong romantic feelings," not of real conviction, and the first shock to his confidence in his new teachers exposed its hollowness. We are far from meaning to deny that many converts who had much deeper grounds of conviction than "W. N." were shaken, and in some cases entirely repelled, by the startling innovations thrust on their acceptance by the Vatican Synod; the fact is of course patent and notorious. We only mean that he had no such grounds himself, and it was therefore perfectly natural that he should at once reject a communion whose claims he had accepted without inquiry, when he found it suddenly obtruding on him a doctrine which his reason refused to accept. What is not so easy to understand, though it is the main object of the present pamphlet to explain it, is how he eventually managed to "swallow infallibility"—the phrase is his own—and "became again reconciled to Rome." He cannot help contemplating the obvious retort, "You had no right to re-enlist under the Roman flag," and the second and longer half of his essay is devoted to answering it, in the hope that a solution which has proved satisfactory to himself may satisfy others, converts or possible converts, who have experienced similar difficulties. And as he is by no means wanting in acuteness, and has evidently made a clean breast of it as regards his own point of view, it becomes a matter of some interest to ascertain what that solution is, the more so as a perplexed inquirer, especially if he happened to be unacquainted with De Maistre's writings, might easily put down the little book in a state of greater bewilderment than he began it. For although the writer has—we doubt not quite honestly and sincerely—"swallowed infallibility," there is not a syllable from the first page to the last to show, or even suggest, that he believes it.

The Convert assures us—and we can readily believe it—that the mere fact of rejoining the Church of Rome did not solve his doubts, but only made it a duty to try to get rid of them. But the discharge of this duty was further complicated by the wide diversity of opinion among high authorities as to the meaning of the Vatican decrees, of which we have the following characteristic specimen:—

CARDINAL MANNING.

"The Encyclical *Quanta Cura* and the Syllabus or compendium of eighty condemnations in previous encyclicals and allocutions—all these had been at once received by them as a part of the supreme teaching of the Church through the person of its head, which, by the special assistance of the Holy Ghost, is preserved from all error. They did not add certainty to that which was already infallible."—(P. 34, *Petri Prædilectum*. 1871.)

And what was still worse, the same authority sometimes appeared to differ from himself:—

DR. NEWMAN TO THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

"And again, his infallibility in consequence is not called into exercise, unless he speaks to the whole world; for, if his precepts, in order to be dogmatic, must enjoin what is necessary to salvation, they must be necessary for all men. Accordingly, orders which issue from him for the observance of particular countries, or political or religious classes, have no claim to be the utterances of his infallibility. If he enjoins upon the hierarchy of Ireland to withstand mixed education, this is no exercise of his infallibility."—*Letter to Duke of Norfolk*, p. 120.

And again, speaking of Mr. Gladstone, he says (p. 63), "Then in the next page he insinuates that, under his infallibility, come acts of excommunication, as if the Pope could not make mistakes in this field of action. . . . What have excommunication and interdict to do with infallibility? . . . Was St. Victor infallible when he separated from his Communion the Asiatic Churches? or Liberius when in like manner he excommunicated Athanasius? And, to come to later times, was Gregory XIII when he had a medal struck in honour of the St. Bartholomew massacre? or Paul IV in his conduct towards Elizabeth? or Sextus V when he blessed the Armada? or Urban VIII when he persecuted Galileo? No Catholic ever pretends that these Popes were infallible in these acts."

We will not stop to inquire how far Cardinal Newman is justified in saying that no Catholic pretends that these Popes were infallible in their acts, or whether it is possible for a consistent infallibilist to deny that in some of these cases

DOCTOR NEWMAN.

"It has no mark or seal put upon it which gives it a direct relation to the Pope. . . . The Syllabus is not an official act. . . . If, indeed, the Pope should ever make that anonymous compilation directly his own, then of course I should bow to it, and accept it as strictly his. . . . the Syllabus then has no dogmatic force."—*Letter to Duke of Norfolk*.

DR. NEWMAN TO THE CATHOLICS OF BIRMINGHAM.

"In his administration of Christ's Kingdom, in his religious acts, we must never oppose his will, or dispute his word, or criticise his policy, or shrink from his side? There are kings of the earth who have despotic authority, which their subjects obey indeed but disown in their hearts; but we must never murmur at that absolute rule which the Sovereign Pontiff has over us, because it is given to him by Christ, and in obeying him we are obeying his Lord. . . . Even in secular matters it is ever safe to be on his side, dangerous to be on the side of his enemies."—*Sermons on Various Occasions*, 3rd Edit. Burns & Oates, 1870, p. 268.

at least they were infallible. For the full and final solution of all such questions the Convert refers us to De Maistre's well-known work, *Le Pape*, which seems to have come upon him as almost a new revelation. The passage he quotes will be familiar to many of our readers, but as it contains the gist of the argument, we will give it as it stands, only venturing to insert a few italics of our own:—

I am not aware that it has been sufficiently remarked, with regard to this great question, as well as so many others, that theological truths are no other than general truths manifested and divinized within the sphere of religion, in such manner that it is impossible to attack one without attacking a law of the world. Infallibility in the spiritual order of things, and *sovereignty* in the temporal order, are two words perfectly synonymous. The one and the other denote that high power which rules over all other powers—from which all derive their authority—which governs, and is not governed—which judges, and is not judged. When we say that the Church is infallible, we do not ask for her, it is quite essential to be observed, any particular privilege; we only require that she possess the right common to all possible sovereignties, which all necessarily act as if infallible. For every government is absolute; and from the moment it can be resisted, under pretext of error or injustice, it no longer exists.

Now we must confess that this ingenious argument of De Maistre has always appeared to us utterly unsatisfactory, not to say fallacious, even for the purpose for which its brilliant author intended it; but as applied by his modern disciple it is more than unsatisfactory, it is suicidal. De Maistre was a politician, not a theologian, and the whole force of his argument for Papal infallibility, or rather Papal supremacy, lies in its practical application; it is an appeal to political expediency in the highest sense of the term, and could only at the utmost be urged in defence of what has sometimes been called the "practical infallibility" of the Pope. Even assuming, with "W. N.," that it will "clear the ground of all historic difficulties as to Papal rule," that is quite another thing from clearing away historical difficulties as to Papal infallibility. It may be expedient, or necessary, or a duty to submit to Papal authority, even where it appears to us to be unwisely or unjustly exercised, though "W. N." would hardly insist that Catholics ought to obey a Pope who "acts against the interest of (even) such an anti-Catholic woman as Elizabeth" by sanctioning, as Lord Acton has shown that Popes did sanction, plots for her assassination. But to submit absolutely to Papal authority on De Maistre's plea that all possible sovereignties necessarily act as if infallible, whatever may be thought of the wisdom or morality of such a course, differs *toto cælo* from accepting Papal infallibility in matters of doctrine. The one kind of submission concerns outward acts alone, the other extends to the judgment and the will. The one, as De Maistre himself argues, is no "particular privilege" of the Church, but only one that may be claimed for all absolute governments, civil or religious. De Maistre lived before the Vatican Council, and this practical and governmental infallibility was all he really cared to insist upon. But the prerogative of doctrinal infallibility arrogated to the Pope by the Vatican decree is, and is expressly declared to be, a very "particular privilege," by no means "common to all possible sovereignties," or to any other sovereignty under the sun, and if the Convert supposes that "by applying to the Catholic Church [i.e. the Pope] the same idea of sovereignty as is acknowledged in every State" he has in any other sense "swallowed infallibility" than as a naughty child swallows a dose of castor oil which is poured down its throat, he greatly deceives himself. Perhaps, after all, what he really means is that the decree has no meaning at all, and that it is sufficient, at least for a Catholic layman, who need not, it is hinted, trouble himself much about such questions, to make his bow and pass by on the other side. Be it so; but then one would certainly have thought, "least said, soonest mended." If the one thing essential for a convert is to be "sound on Papal authority," and if for lack of this essential soundness "W. N." did "not embrace Catholicism properly" the first time, is he quite sure that he has embraced it properly now? Above all, if he has no better defence to offer of the Vatican dogma than De Maistre's very questionable theory of governmental absolutism, propounded half a century before the Vatican Council and for a wholly different purpose, is he justified in calling on his readers now to recognize, on the strength of that theory, "the evidently Divine character of the Holy Roman Church"?

ROLLING RESTAURANTS.

AMONG modern advances in the art of travel the rolling restaurant is perhaps not the least satisfactory. So long as one is young and fresh, with the stamina untouched and the stomach unimpaired, one can take liberties with the constitution in unconscious recklessness. In those happy days it signifies little what you eat or how you eat it. You find it possible not merely to assuage the pangs of appetite with leathery sandwiches and half-baked buns, but to take a positive pleasure in them. Except so far as some slight economy of time is concerned, you are indifferent whether the leg of mutton has been hung or not; and, if you cannot be served with the breast of a chicken, you are quite content to make shift with the drumsticks. And even in point of time, under high pressure, you can get through a wonderful number of dishes and courses with the rapidity of an express train. We can recall the performance of very creditable feats in that way in the better days of the Continental *table-d'hôte*, when the table was spread with a generous

profusion which seems to be now altogether gone out of date. Occasionally the twenty minutes allowed one at such gastronomic Capuas as Avignon or Orleans might be seriously curtailed, when the train had been delayed by snow-storms or slippery rails. Nevertheless in the brief space allotted to the hungry passengers one hurried through soup and fish, *entrées* and *entremets* and *pièces de résistance*, winding up with cheese and dessert, and leaving after all an odd second or two for the cup of half-scalding coffee *chassé* by the thimbleful of cognac. And nature seemed none the worse for the effort, though you were unable to aid digestion with exercise, and had to fall back on the artificial stimulant of tobacco. But there comes a time when the conviction insensibly steals upon you that the days for such pleasant liberties have been gliding by. Though the appetite may survive, the digestion is enfeebled, and when you undertake a journey you must be exceptionally careful in your diet. You have become far more a creature of routine than formerly, and in adopting domestic habits, or subsiding into regular grooves, you have practically put yourself on a regimen. Great authorities aver that our soldiers and seamen begin to be past their best at eight-and-thirty. Not that their *morale* has suffered materially, or that their actual bodily strength is abated; but that they are less capable than they used to be of suffering hardships and the inevitable incidents of a rough commissariat. And, if that be the case with men who in ordinary circumstances are dieted simply but sufficiently, and who lead an exceptionally healthy existence, we need not be surprised that insidious decay should go forward more briskly with their social superiors. Men and women of easy means are more or less given to injurious self-indulgence. They consume a great deal more than is good for them, at unseasonable and insalubrious hours. They either abandon themselves to the promptings of their natural indolence or they have to follow sedentary occupations in the way of business. There are strong-made men, comparatively young, who almost get out of the way of walking, and who seldom break out of a languid saunter. They compress the exercise of the year into their brief autumn holiday. Even those who go in for severe work in the shooting and hunting seasons are apt to bring down the average of their activity by their short-sighted supineness through the spring and summer; while there are many women who seldom exercise their muscles at all, except in the way of a dance or a game at lawn-tennis. What saves them in some measure from the consequences of such habits is the practice of the very luxury that undermines them, though it may seem paradoxical to say so. Those who are most self-indulgent can best afford skilful cooks, and if they commit themselves to twice as many meals as are advisable, at all events they take the pleasures of the table leisurely. Doubtless it would be better for them if they ate far less, and earned what they did eat by the sweat of their brows. But, failing that, it is well that their repasts should be carefully served, that they should be encouraged to lighten them with mild conversation, and that they should have no grave worries on their minds during the intervals left for digestion. But a long journey is sure to be uncomfortable, if not positively dangerous, because it upsets their everyday habits, and exposes them to an unaccustomed strain. The mere monotony bores them, so that they are more disposed to eat than usual, were it only by way of change. And hitherto, for the most part, upon English journeys, they have had very hard times of it.

We need say nothing of the ordinary refreshment-room, which is almost proverbially a den of dyspepsia and nightmare. But even at such exceptional stations as York in the Northern counties and Perth beyond the border, people can hardly get much profit out of fare which is generally excellent of its kind. We have dined very satisfactorily at York, when we happened to arrive early by a cross train to "establish connexions" with the "Flying Scotchman"; and the cream and rolls and butter of a breakfast at Perth, while waiting for the easy-going Highland mail, rank with the moors and the heather among our happy memories. As a rule, however, when one is being hurried forward on the through journey, the fifteen or twenty minutes of delay set down in the time-tables is cruelly curtailed. You are agitated beforehand by the intolerable stoppages as the train drags and jerks itself into the station. The mulligatawny or mock-turtle retains its heat, in the bitterest weather, in a way that makes you sensible of the value of seconds; and you have to give your orders to the waiter as to your cut from the joint among a score of equally clamorous neighbours. In France they quietly hand you the portions as a matter of course, but in England there is sustained excitement the whole time, and nothing can be so hurtful even to an average digestion. Nor can the best joint be dealt with quite so summarily as a *fricandeau* or a tender *filet*. By the time you are supplied with the vegetables and condiments, a ticket-collector is standing in the doorway, intimating that your time is up in five minutes; then there is the waiter to pay and the change to be counted, if you are methodical, and you rush out to your carriage, with the dinner half swallowed. It may be hours or it may be days before you feel yourself in condition again. And this is no light consideration when you are going on a visit, hoping to show yourself at your best to admiring friends, or when you are setting out upon a tour in which you are bound to make the most of a much-needed holiday.

The new system of travelling kitchens and restaurants which the Midland Company propose to test in England is so obviously

fitted to alleviate a sensible evil that it seems strange it should not have been adopted long ere now. Given a series of saloon cars *en suite*, and, human nature being what it is, the caterers can hardly lack custom; and, if they ask but moderately remunerative prices, no speculation ought to beset. A leisurely repast makes a delightful break in a journey through tame or familiar landscape. It is something to look forward to, like the oasis in the desert where you hope to make the mid-day halt under the cool shadows of the palm-trees. And it is something to ruminate over in more ways than one, when, with the body in a state of placid beatitude, you abandon yourself to reflections that have gradually taken a rosy tinge, or adjourn to the smoking-car if you chance to be a smoker. When a few passengers set the example, it is sure to be followed by others. We may assume that the refreshment purveyors, if they are wise in their generation, will not hermetically close the dining-car like the smoking-room. The faint odours of savoury cookery will be wafted through the neighbouring compartments, and the clatter of forks and the clinking of crystal will be borne to listening ears. It will be difficult for the most frugal-minded ascetic not to let the fancy wander to the scenes of festivity in the neighbouring banqueting car; and as the hours go on and hunger grows sharper the shaken resolution can hardly fail to succumb. For ourselves, we by no means agree with those who aver that it shows a lack of appreciation of the beautiful in nature to sit at meat as you are carried through pretty scenery. We have found, on the contrary, that the vineyards of the castled Rhine, or the billowy woods that slope down to the Danube, refine and heighten one's sensual pleasures, like the paintings or statuary which set off a dining-room. We should be not the less pleased with the meadows and hedgerows of the midlands, or with the lights of the autumn sunset gilding the russet leaves, when we viewed them through the ruby medium of our claret glass, while our glances alternated with the dishes on the table. Yet the entertainment would be most cheery perhaps of a winter afternoon, when the curtains had been drawn on the outer blackness without, when the rain and sleet were beating against the window-panes, and when the lamplight, in brilliant contrast with our surroundings, heightened one's sense of comfort. Nor need there be any difficulty in cooking for a trainful of passengers in a confined chamber adapted to our railway gauge. The condensation of scientific kitchen appliances has made marvellous progress of late years; and a range of about the dimensions of a commodious cupboard will provide for the couple of hundred passengers who may be carried in one of our great ocean steam-packets. It is possible that the development of these travelling kitchens may give an impetus to the adoption of some international railway schemes, and may even influence the future of countries that are now wilderness or desert. It was one thing to undertake the journey across the prairies from the Mississippi to the Californian seaboard, stopping periodically at fortified posts in the wilds for the staple meals of fat pork and hominy. It is quite another thing to travel in a Pullman's saloon car where you know that your meals will be served to you at regular hours. In the same way, if passengers had been necessarily condemned to the chances of Asiatic village cookery, we cannot imagine that the great Euphrates Valley Route would ever have become a popular idea with the Anglo-Indian public. Better far, they would have said, the most tedious journey by steamer, with all the horrors of the Red Sea heat and the hazards of seasickness thrown into the bargain. It will be very different if the train from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf can ship its stores at the starting-point, laying down its wines, and ale, and English sirloins in a refrigerating chamber, and relying *en route* only on such abounding local products as eggs, poultry, or mutton. But, without looking forward to these possible developments, we can only hope in the meantime that the Midland enterprise may answer. It deserves success, and surely ought to command it, and for ourselves we shall watch the experiment with keen personal interest.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN FRANCE.

THE coming winter is but too likely to prove a time of trial and trouble in France. Decreased prosperity will, it may be feared, stimulate discontent and give new strength to the desire for change. France has hitherto escaped the worst consequences of the depression in trade. Her disasters during the war prevented her from participating in the outburst of commercial activity that followed the restoration of peace, and therefore saved her from the resulting reaction. So, again, the desire of her people to buy up their own great loans led them to sell out of Turkish, Spanish, and other doubtful stocks, and thereby to escape much of the losses which repudiation would otherwise have inflicted on them. Thus, labouring indefatigably, economizing, and investing at home, they have been growing more and more prosperous while others seemed to be sinking deeper in adversity. But their time of trial has apparently now come. If the present rise of prices really is the beginning of a new period of industrial activity, it may bear them with little suffering through the ordeal. But, in any case, the prosperity of the country must undergo a serious diminution. The wealth of France consists chiefly in the fertility of her soil and its varied and highly prized produce. She cannot compare with England as a manufacturing, industrial, or commercial country. Her carrying trade is inconsiderable. She is not the banker and the clearing-house of the world. She is above

all things an agricultural country, and a country, too, of peasant proprietors—that is to say, of small landholders and small farmers. But the present year has been as adverse to agriculture in France as in England. France, it is true, has not had a succession of as many bad seasons as we have experienced; yet the character of the seasons does not usually differ very widely in the two countries, and, in fact, the three last years have been unfavourable. Last year, more particularly, the harvest was very bad; and the imports of wheat, in consequence, exceeded anything ever known before. This year matters are still worse. The official returns of the yield of the crops has not yet been published, but the *Journal des Débats* has prepared an estimate, based upon reports by competent inquirers from the several departments, which gives a sufficiently close approximation to the truth for all practical purposes. According to this estimate, the yield of wheat is very short in quantity and bad in quality in the North, North-East, and North-West; in the centre it is likewise deficient, but not altogether wanting in quality; while in the South, South-East, and South-West the quality is good, but the return not always satisfactory. For the whole country the crop is estimated to be 22½ per cent. below the average. The full import of these figures will only be understood when it is borne in mind that the acreage under wheat in France is rather more than four times that in the United Kingdom, and that in an ordinary year she raises enough to feed her whole population, while in a good year she has a surplus to export. The meaning of the statement, then, that the wheat crop is 22½ per cent. below the average is that France will have to buy bread for nearly a quarter of her people, or say, in round numbers, for nine millions of mouths usually fed by her own soil; in other words, she is as much poorer because of the wet and cold of the summer as if in an ordinary year the bread of these nine millions had been burnt in a great conflagration.

We know how seriously our own farmers have suffered from a succession of bad harvests, and it is not to be doubted that in the circumstances we have been describing the French peasants will be severely pinched. Their condition is aggravated by the badness of the potato crop, the acreage under which is almost double that of the United Kingdom. To some extent, no doubt, the rise of prices goes to compensate the farmers for their losses; but the compensation, after all, is trifling, and, such as it is, it is taken out of the pockets of the rest of the population. But if the difficulties of the agricultural classes ended here they might consider themselves fortunate. Unluckily they do not. Next to wheat the greatest of French products is wine, and it is no longer possible to doubt that the wine crop, too, is more or less a failure. We do not now speak of the *phylloxera*, which for so many years has been ravaging the vineyards of Southern France. That disease has done and is doing incalculable damage. But, apart from that, the healthy vines have suffered from the persistent cold and wet of the spring and summer, and now the autumn frosts have given the finishing touch to the damage. Last week a bitter north wind, which prevailed for several days, is reported to have caused serious injury in the South-West, more particularly in the Bordelais. In the Eastern departments the cold was still more intense, and snow fell on the Vosges and the Jura. The result is that, according to the present estimate, this year's vintage will be the worst since 1845. In the South the yield is more abundant than last year, but the quality is very inferior. The new wine is poor in colour and in alcohol even in the districts noted for the richness of their produce. In the centre and in Burgundy the vintage is very late, and there is deficiency in both quantity and quality. "It is no longer doubtful," says the *Moniteur Vinicole*, "that the deficiencies of the important regions of the South-West, Centre, and Burgundy will be considerable, and will outweigh the feeble gain in the South upon the return of 1878; the deficiency, moreover, is in quality as well as quantity." In Burgundy the juice of the grape is said to be flat and acid and to contain little saccharine matter. In Beaune the crop is late, and not much is expected from it. In Anjou it is described as bad. The area under vines in France exceeds the wheat acreage of the United Kingdom; and the wine industry in all its stages is estimated to support seven millions of people, or almost a fifth of the entire population of France. When these facts are considered, the reader will be able to understand how grave is the situation resulting from this failure of the wine harvest, taken in conjunction with the ravages of the *phylloxera*, and the deficient yield of wheat and potatoes. Even yet, however, we have not exhausted the misfortunes of the country. Most readers are aware of the great development of the beetroot cultivation since the First Napoleon, in his desire to cut off the Continent from commercial intercourse with England, encouraged the native manufacture of sugar. If our sugar-refiners are to be believed, sugar-growing in France has been so marvellously successful that, by the aid of bounties, the French refiners are ruining not only our own refiners, but also the West Indian cane-growers. The staple of this important industry also is affected this year. The estimate now generally received is that the crop will be about one-fourth below the average. The estimate is much disputed, as was to have been expected where so many conflicting interests are concerned, and such warm international controversies have been aroused. Some even doubt whether there is any deficiency at all, and hint that the reports circulating are got up for the purposes of speculation. We cannot, of course, pretend to decide on such a point. The estimate we have quoted is that of the *Economiste Français*, and the *Journal des Débats* concurs in it. That it is generally accepted is proved by the rise which has already occurred in the price of sugar.

There remains to be noticed one other failure—the most complete of all—that of the silk crop. Some months ago we discussed this subject in detail, and we need not go over the ground again here. It will be recollected that the cold and wet of the spring, followed by a sudden burst of intense heat, killed the worms, and that the crop was an almost entire failure. The crop, it is true, is not a very important one, being only about one-fourth that of Italy. In itself, therefore, it would hardly deserve notice when interests so vast are affected as seriously as we have shown above. But, although silk-growing is not an important industry in France, the silk manufacture is. It is the staple trade of the second city in France, is perhaps the greatest of French manufactures, if we exclude wine, and gives employment to a very large number of people. From the manufacturing point of view, the failure, which is general, extending to Italy, Spain, and Asia Minor, is a very serious matter. The trade has been depressed for a considerable time, fashion in one of its vagaries having ceased to patronize silk. Moreover, there was a failure three years ago, which engendered a wild speculation that ended in severe losses. A second failure occurring so soon sorely tries the manufacturers. They see the demand for their goods very small, and consequently they are unable to raise prices. But the shortness of the supply of the raw material necessarily makes it dear, and thus narrows the margin of their profits. Fortunately for them there has not been this year a repetition of the speculation of 1876. It was nipped in the bud. Still, however, the position of the manufacturers is critical. Altogether, then, it will be seen that the trials to which France is exposed this year are many and severe, and necessarily must impose a severe strain upon her resources. The thrift of her people is great, and their accumulated savings are enormous in the aggregate; yet, as a rule, the property of individuals is not large, and can ill bear the losses which come one upon another this year. Already, indeed, the immense imports of food from the United States have caused a drain of gold, which is the more serious because the long-continued cheapness of money had generated a dangerous speculative spirit and a mania for the promotion of Companies. The drain of gold comes when this mania is at its height, and the resulting enhancement of the value of money has already given a shock to credit. There is thus the risk that a crisis in the Money Market may aggravate and intensify the agricultural distress.

THE THEATRES.

THE care bestowed upon the production of the new comedy at the Court Theatre goes far to account for the success which it has achieved with the public. Mr. Byron has written many better and stronger pieces, but it may be questioned whether any of his works have enjoyed greater advantages in regard to completeness of representation. Admirably put upon the stage, it is also most efficiently acted, and even on the occasion of the first performance the players appeared to be already at home in their parts, and to be prepared to give full effect to such humorous qualities as the dialogue possesses. This completeness of preparation is specially important to an author like Mr. Byron, whose characters are apt to be less interesting in themselves than in what they have to say. Their relation to one another and to the central motive of the drama is commonly not such as to give the audience any serious concern, but they are all alike responsible to the author for the due delivery of a certain number of witty sayings. In these respects *Courtship* may be reckoned eminently characteristic of the weakness, no less than of the strength, of Mr. Byron's method. The fragile structure of the story, and the inherent insignificance of the personages by whom it is conducted, may, in one sense, be taken as the measure of the dramatist's adroitness and resource. A less skilful writer could not fail to disclose the poverty of his material; and it is, indeed, only by a constant flow of high spirits that the attention of the audience is successfully diverted from any serious consideration of the plot. If Mr. Byron's rollicking fun had at any moment shown signs of exhaustion, the drama must inevitably have come to an end; but such is his power over a certain section of the public that he is able to sustain during the space of three acts a story which is almost entirely devoid of incident and in which there is no opportunity for the development of character. This is, in its way, a remarkable achievement. It is not necessary to set an extravagant value upon Mr. Byron's gifts of humour in order to acknowledge the dexterity with which they are employed. Nor, on the other hand, is it quite fair towards a performance of such modest pretensions to test the result by a strict reference to nature or a severe standard of artistic excellence. Those who have a mind to enjoy the hearty buffoonery of which Mr. Byron is a master will understand that they are not expected to look below the surface. The author's intention is always clearly marked, his characters are ticketed in such a way as to avoid the smallest possibility of mistake, and the fate that is in store for them is from the first an open secret. His work is in its essence so extremely simple and elementary that it would be obviously unjust to demand exceptional refinement of execution; and, where the individual characters have only a shadowy and uncertain existence, it must be a fruitless labour to inquire whether the dialogue assigned to them is always appropriate. The indifference which the author of *Courtship* displays towards the graver realities of his art has given rise to the unfounded assumption that the work has been

carelessly executed. This, however, is a mistake which Mr. Byron is anxious to correct. He has published a letter in which he explains that the new comedy is the fruit of long and careful labour; and it is therefore, we may suppose, to be accepted as the mature expression of his powers. It is highly creditable to Mr. Byron's conscientiousness as an artist that he should be unwilling to take credit for the exercise of a careless facility; but, on the other hand, his admission that *Courtship* is the result of two years' study and reflection is in some ways discouraging. In some of his earlier productions there has been evidence of a higher ambition and a more serious artistic aim; and it was perhaps pardonable to assume that some of the defects of the new drama were due to inconsiderate haste. The emphatic declaration which he has made would seem, however, to compel the inference that these defects are inherent in the general scheme of his art, and his admirers must therefore learn to content themselves with the robust humour of his dialogue without expecting the more serious elements of comedy. It is at least clear from the evidence of *Courtship* that Mr. Byron's powers of portraiture are employed with the happiest result in those instances where there is little or no demand upon the sympathies of the audience. The excellence of the workmanship is almost always in inverse ratio to the importance of the subject, and the subordinate figures in the composition, whose function is to be merely ridiculous, are endowed with an appearance of vitality that is certainly not granted either to the hero or the heroine. Mr. Byron would also seem to work with greater freedom and effect in proportion as he descends the social scale. His ladies and gentlemen are only roughly and slightly sketched upon the canvas, and the force of an actor like Mr. Coghlan seems almost wasted in the attempt to give reality to the character of Edward Trentham. The same remark applies, though in a lesser degree, to the Millicent Vivian of Miss Amy Roselle; but when we are brought into the presence of the illiterate and opulent Phineas Gubbins, the dramatist evidently works with keener relish, and the resources of the actor are better employed. Gubbins, in the hands of Mr. Anson, becomes a very lively creation, and to the actor's inexhaustible humour the successful conduct of the performance is largely due. Mr. Anson's comedy is sometimes extravagant, but it is never forced; and, in the class of characters which he affects, it may be said without exaggeration that he has at present no rival upon the stage. His manner of representation gains effective contrast from the very different humour of Mr. Wilson Barrett in the part of a haughty, but impecunious, aristocrat. Here, again, the author has been most ably seconded by the actor, and the individuality and moderation of Mr. Barrett's style are strictly in accord with the spirit of refinement and taste which characterizes his general management of the theatre. He also takes a prominent part in a pretty comedietta which precedes Mr. Byron's new play, and which is the work of an author hitherto unknown to the London stage.

Mr. Barrett's predecessor at the Court Theatre has now migrated to the St. James's. In his new venture Mr. Hare is associated with Mr. Kendal, and under their joint management the public have good assurance that the claims of refined comedy will not be neglected. Although the piece with which they have opened the new house has already been produced at one or two afternoon performances, it is to the majority of London playgoers practically unknown, and it is now preceded by an entirely new comedietta from the pen of Mr. Valentine Prinsep. This is not absolutely Mr. Prinsep's first experiment in writing for the stage, but his previous effort afforded no test of his power to handle such a serious situation as he has introduced into *Monsieur le Duc*; nor can the result be said to justify the choice of such difficult material. It may even be questioned whether the emotions of a father who suddenly discovers that, unknown to himself, he has been making love to his own daughter, are susceptible of dramatic treatment. The sentiment of horror which such an accident awakens is apt, we think, to give an exaggerated impression of its strength from an artistic point of view, and it may therefore be fairly urged that Mr. Prinsep's imperfect resource is not the only or even the most important element of weakness in the play. But, on the other hand, if such a theme were to be handled at all, there was obviously need of a kind of force and concentration which are here entirely wanting. The author, as it would seem, has had too much faith in the value of his idea, and has bestowed too little consideration upon the means of its expression. The individual characters lack reality, and the audience therefore fails to realize with any conviction the relation in which they stand to one another; nor are the literary merits of the dialogue of a kind to divert attention from the uncertainty of the portraiture. The imperfections of this little piece weigh but little, however, against the general attractiveness of the programme. *The Queen's Shilling*, although by no means a strong play, has certain unflinching elements of success depending upon the skill with which slight materials are pieced together. It affords, moreover, excellent opportunity for the display of the strength of the company, and for the exercise of a refined taste in regard to all the details of stage management.

Mr. Hare's interest in the future of his art is not confined to the cares of management. He has lately offered a valuable contribution to the debate which is still going forward upon the possibilities of a national theatre, and in the letter he has published on the subject he confirms with the force of practical authority the view which we have ourselves expressed. He is clearly of opinion that a national theatre is for the moment out of the question, and he urges upon those who have interested them-

selves in the matter the nearer and more urgent duty of organizing some efficient means for the education of actors in the rudiments of their art. This is a reform which should take precedence of all others, and in which actors and managers have an immediate interest. We trust that Mr. Hare's proposal will not be allowed to sleep. Actors are naturally jealous of the officious advice of those who have no immediate concern with their art; and, if Mr. Hare is right in what he says, the leading members of the profession are earnest in their desire to further the scheme of a training school for intending players. But it is quite time that they should give a practical shape to their ideas. From a purely commercial point of view the drama has never been so prosperous or successful as at present. Even second-rate performers are in receipt of large salaries, and careful managers are able to realize comfortable fortunes. It is surely not too much to ask that, under these favourable circumstances, something should be done, and done promptly, to ensure a steady cultivation of the artistic elements of the drama. What has been effected by the members of every other profession ought to be possible to actors; and the public will more readily accept the authority of a manager in the position of Mr. Hare, if he and his colleagues address themselves earnestly to the practical aspect of the question.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A FORTNIGHT ago we described the Cesarewitch, which is, as we then observed, the most interesting handicap of the year; it is now our business to give an account of the Cambridgeshire, which might more justly be called the most interesting scramble of the year. In the Cesarewitch a horse which gets off badly has plenty of time to get to the front before the two miles and a quarter are traversed; but in the Cambridgeshire the mile and a fraction are flown over before a bad starter has time to make up his lost ground. Then, again, there are many horses which can sustain racing pace for one mile, while the number of those which can keep up first-class speed for double that distance is very limited. It is obvious, therefore, that the Cambridgeshire must usually be a far more open affair than the Cesarewitch, and consequently gamblers have a great affection for this race. The more impossible it is to foretell the winner, the more attractive a race appears to be to them. We wonder that sportsmen of this description do not amuse themselves by betting upon the racing game in a comfortable building in London—we would suggest that Exeter Hall might appropriately be purchased for the purpose—instead of standing about on a cold heath speculating upon the more discernible chances of horses, animals for which they usually care nothing.

There were 187 subscriptions to the Cambridgeshire this year, and 64 forfeits were declared. The subsequent winner of the Cesarewitch was among the list of the horses for which forfeit was paid, as also were Parole, Phenix, Master Kildare, and Advance. The highest weight in the handicap was assigned to Isonomy, who was not struck out of the race until comparatively near the Houghton week. It will be remembered that this horse won the Cambridgeshire last year, after starting at 40 to 1. It was the only race in which he took part during the whole of last season, and his victory had been a great surprise. Thirty-eight horses had started; but Isonomy, who was carrying about the average weight of a three-year-old, galloped in two lengths in advance of the nearest of his opponents. After thus showing what he was capable of doing, he came out the next spring and proved himself to be about the best horse in training; and, even with such a weight as 9 st. 12 lbs. allotted to him, many people regretted his withdrawal from the Cambridgeshire of 1879. When Isonomy had been scratched, it was said that his stable companion, Westbourne, was doubtless much better at the weights assigned to each; but the clever people who argued in this way and betted accordingly were a little surprised when Westbourne also was scratched a few days later. But they were determined to hit the right nail on the head at last; so, following the same line of reasoning, they contended that, if such good horses as Isonomy and Westbourne had been withdrawn from the race, it clearly proved that either Harbinger or Falmouth, who were in the same stable, must be better at the weights. Falmouth had only run once before this year, and then he had run sixth in the Derby; but the state of the ground on the Derby day was such that all public form was upset. If Falmouth ran badly in the Derby, he finished in front of Rayon d'Or, who afterwards won the St. Leger, and it seemed possible to argue that, if the course had been in its ordinary state, Falmouth might have been very near winning the Derby. Last year he had been the only horse that made the celebrated Wheel of Fortune gallop, and for a few strides it had seemed as if she were giving way to him as the pair raced in for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York. Although Falmouth shows a good deal of quality, his loins are too slack to please critical judges of race-horses. As soon as Westbourne was scratched, Falmouth was made the favourite of the horses in Porter's stable, and a day or so later Harbinger was enthroned in his stead; but, after changing places about half-a-dozen times, Falmouth was finally the favourite of the pair. Harbinger is a five-year-old, and he had 7 st. 4 lbs. to carry. On public form about the best that could be said of his performances this season was that he had run third, under 6 st. 12 lbs., to Mandarin and Sir Joseph in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, with twenty-five

horses behind him. He had started first favourite for the Manchester Cup; but that race had been won by Lartington, to whom he was giving 13 lbs., and he had only then succeeded in running fourth. The pair were now to meet at even weights. Whether 13 lbs. would or would not put them on an equality was a question on which racing men's minds were much exercised. Many people had a great fancy for Lartington; but the running of Chippendale in the Manchester Cup had been so unaccountably bad that the performance of Lartington in that race seemed untrustworthy.

It is not often that there has been a stronger favourite for the Cambridgeshire some time before the race than Ragman. This horse is a three-year-old by Friponnier, out of Sphinx. His two-year-old career had not been a glorious one; he ran once, and then was beaten. This season he had not greatly improved upon it, having run three times without success. And here was the first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, who was backed to win hundreds of pounds, at 5 to 1. So much for the general estimate of public form compared with private trials. The establishment of Ragman as first favourite had been in this wise. He was in the same stable as Rayon d'Or. Now Rayon d'Or was the hero of the time. He had won the St. Leger in a canter by half a dozen lengths, and his performance in the Second Great Challenge Stakes at Newmarket was said by his admirers to have been the best form ever shown by a three-year-old. When, therefore, it was loudly whispered that Ragman had been tried with Rayon d'Or, and had acquitted himself in such a manner that his victory in the Cambridgeshire seemed to be a foregone conclusion, it was scarcely a matter for surprise that there should be a regular furore among betting men to back him for that race. Certain racing men of experience shook their heads, but for a time nothing appeared able to check the mania for this hitherto unsuccessful horse. There is something about a private trial which is singularly attractive to the minds of some men, and a racing critic said with some force that, if the winner of the Cesarewitch had been seen through a hedge by some horse-watcher to run as well in a private trial as he had run on a public racecourse, he would have started first favourite for that race, instead of at the outside price of 22 to 1. But, whatever might be the value of the private trials of Ragman, there could be no doubt that he was a very good-looking horse. A few days before the race he went completely out of favour, and he started as an outsider. One of the favourites was Exeter. This three-year-old's previous career had not been particularly successful, and he had a very fair share of weight to carry in 7 st. 3 lbs. He is so good-looking that great things are constantly expected of him. Leoville had only run once in his life, and had then been ignominiously beaten. Why, therefore, should he have been the first favourite? Simply because it was generally understood that he was supposed to be the best, at the weights, of the half-dozen horses entered from John Dawson's stable. Little, again, could be said on public form in favour of La Merveille—a filly by Blair Athol. But she was for a time a tolerable favourite, because she was said to be the most trusted by Robert Peck of all the fourteen horses entered from his stable. Last year she had been third for this very race, but now she was to carry 12 lbs. extra, in addition to the ordinary increase of weight in proportion to her advance in age. Well as Discord had run with Rayon d'Or, he seemed a little overweighted at 7 st. 10 lbs. Stylites is a strong well-shaped colt, but he had been an uncertain runner and was little trusted. Flotsam was said to make a noise, but on his form of last year, when he won seven out of twelve races, he seemed to have a chance under 7 st. 9 lbs. Last November he had beaten Belphebe in the Lancashire Cup, and Placida had been a long way behind him. Lord Clive had been running very badly lately; but horses who have once shown good form are always dangerous, and Lord Clive's admirers clung to the hope that that good-looking horse might again distinguish himself by winning an important race. Rylstone was heavily weighted; but she had often run so well that she seemed to have a fair chance, although the distance was rather short for her. At Doncaster, when showing less muscle than usual, she had beaten Jannette in the Queen's Plate. She is a fine lengthy mare. Despite his indifferent running in the Cesarewitch, Adamite was supposed to have a chance for the Cambridgeshire. Out of Bounds had run but indifferently in public, but she was one of the heroines of the private trial division, being reputed the best of the thirteen horses entered from Taylor's stable. The enormous Balbriggan represented one of those abominations of a handicap, an old horse with a light weight. Caxtonian had once beaten Ragman; but nobody fancied him much, and his trainer was supposed to be better represented by Discord.

We own that the Cambridgeshire is not to us a very attractive race. It is a history of private trials, "best horses in stables," and scratchings; but it is a sufficiently important affair in the racing world to demand special notice, and we have therefore attempted to give a rough sketch of its antecedents. After all, the great interest of a race, especially of an important handicap, lies in its antecedents. Racing men puzzle their heads and calculate and gamble vigorously beforehand, but the race itself is an affair of a couple of minutes, uncomfortably watched through a glass in a strained position, about the details of which the spectator usually knows little until he has read his newspaper on the following morning.

Thirty-one horses were saddled for the Cambridgeshire on a beautiful October afternoon. As they went to the post Leoville

was the first favourite; but Lartington, about whom all sorts of rumours had been circulated, was very nearly as much fancied. There were a few breaks away, but after about a quarter of an hour's delay the horses got off to a very fair start. They ran in three divisions, that on the upper ground being led by Ragman, that on the lower by Lartington, while Sunburn led the party in the centre of the course. When they had gone about a quarter of a mile Sunburn was making the running in advance of the whole field, Ragman, Leoville, and Lartington following at a short distance; but Lartington soon fell back beaten. At the Red Post Ragman made an effort to go up to Sunburn, but he soon gave way, and Leoville, the first favourite, together with Exeter and Lord Olive, was beaten about the same time. As they came within a distance of home, Sunburn, though still leading, was scarcely in advance of Caxtonian, La Merveille, and Out of Bounds. About a hundred yards from home Sunburn was beaten, and La Merveille, Caxtonian, and Out of Bounds passed him almost abreast. A finer race for the Cambridgeshire has never been seen, and, as the trio passed the post, no one but the judge could tell with any certainty which had won. Lord Rosebery's La Merveille first, Lord Anglesey's Caxtonian second, and Mr. Crawford's Out of Bounds third was the judicial decision. There was only a head, said the judge, between each of the three. The winner had gone down in the betting during the last ten days preceding the race, and she started at 30 to 1. It seems doubtful whether Caxtonian was betted about at all on the day of the race, but 66 to 1 had been offered against him on the previous day. Out of Bounds started at 20 to 1; and 66 to 1 was laid against Sunburn, who ran fourth. It should be borne in mind that Leoville and Lartington each started at about 4 to 1. We merely mention these facts about the betting in order to show how completely the racing public were mistaken in their forecast of the race.

REVIEWS.

BEAMES'S COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE MODERN ARYAN LANGUAGES OF INDIA.*

WE have here the third and concluding volume of Mr. Beames's learned and laborious Comparative Grammar, the former volumes of which were noticed in the *Saturday Review*, 21st of March, 1874, and 11th of March, 1876. We congratulate the author on the completion of his bold undertaking, and feel that we cannot praise too highly his untiring perseverance and industry. The production of a volume like this, in a remote province of India, by a Civil servant hard pressed with official duties, is an evidence, not only of great zeal, but of uncommon vigour of mind and body. It has been truly said that the busiest men always find leisure. This volume has no preface. The deficiency is no doubt attributable to the author's absence in India, but it is a pity that he has not given a few parting remarks embodying in a compact form the leading opinions resulting from his investigations and experience. Such a summary would be eagerly read by many a lover of philology who has not the knowledge of Indian languages necessary to an understanding of the details of the book. We wish, too, that he had made more use of the Roman character. This might have been done without excluding the *Nagari*, and the book would have been open to general students of language who cannot read the *Nagari* letters. One great improvement is observable in this volume. The author has given up throwing stones at others, and speaks with less scorn of their errors and shortcomings. His own mistakes in the previous volumes, to which he now most candidly refers, have probably made him more lenient to the faults and deficiencies of previous writers. There are, however, some very pungent notes, in one of which he deservedly castigates the dogmatism and arrogance of a late writer on grammar. In another place he has adopted the Johnsonian method of showing his scorn and contempt. Thus he explains that *panditāyate* means "he is learned, or he acts the pedant, from *pandita*, a (so-called) learned man." But his patience must have been sorely tried by *pandits*, for he adds in a note, "A *pandit* at the present day in India is an individual who is supposed to be deeply read in all the most useless parts of Sanskrit literature, and is densely ignorant and contemptuous of all other branches of human knowledge." This is very severe, but it cannot be said to be untrue.

The languages which are analysed and compared in these volumes are the Hindi, Panjabi, Sindhi, Gujarati, Marathi, Oriya, and Bangali. Most of these have two or more dialects, and the Hindi has many. All these languages have descended from Sanskrit, as Italian and Spanish have descended from Latin; and as in Europe we have the intermediate stage of the Romance languages, so in India there are the intervening Prakrits, of which many memorials remain. This last volume now before us is devoted to the Verb, with the exception of a few pages on the particles. Mr. Beames thus opens his subject:—

The Sanskrit verb, with its long array of tenses, intricate phonetic

changes, and elaborate rules of formation, seems to have been subjected at a very early period to processes of simplification. Indeed we may be permitted to hold that some, at least, of the forms laid down in the works of Sanskrit grammarians were never actually in use in the spoken language; and, with all due deference to the opinions of scholars, it may be urged that much of this elaborate development arose in an age when the speech of the people had wandered very far away from the classical type. Even if it were not so, even if there were ever a time when the Aryan peasant used polysyllabic desideratives, and was familiar with multiform aorists, it is clear that he began to satisfy himself with a simpler system at a very distant epoch, for the range of forms in Pali and the other Prakrits is far narrower than in classical Sanskrit.

That the Aryan peasant used few "polysyllabic desideratives" and knew little about "multiform aorists" may well be admitted. We have only to look around us in our own country, and in any other with which we are familiar, to see what a very limited knowledge peasants have of their own language. But this is no reason for supposing that complex forms have been artificially developed. Mr. Beames is here harping upon an opinion he expressed more strongly in a previous volume; but it is difficult to understand how he can entertain it. The whole teaching of his book, in accordance with philological science, proves that, so far as our knowledge extends, grammatical forms wear away, and do not grow. The universal course is to simplicity, not to complexity. There was a time when language was young, and developed its many grammatical forms, but science knows little of that time. It can discern something of the process that went on, but, so far as the history of language extends, the change has been from the synthetical to the analytical. The business of man has been, not to develop new forms for the expression of his ideas, but silently to drop or shorten forms which use has found to be unnecessary. So the latest and most artificial form of Sanskrit is artificial, not from the invention of new inflections, but from the great absence of them. The men who wrote in that dead language were imperfectly acquainted with its grammar, and saved themselves trouble by forming long compounds, leaving the reader to unravel their grammatical relations. Bishop Berkeley and George Psalmanazar have proved that artificial languages may be invented, but such artificial languages have never been brought into use. No one has yet shown that learned men have succeeded in intentionally adding grammatical forms to any language; though it cannot now be denied that languages sometimes adopt grammatical forms from other tongues. The Semitic fashion of affixed pronouns adopted in Sindhi, Pashtu, and Persian proves that this may be done. But when a change like this takes place, it comes from below, not from above; from gradual acceptance by the body of the people, not from the instruction of learned and ingenious men. Mr. Beames, in continuation of his remarks on the Verb, says:—

In that stage of the Sanskrit language which is usually accepted as the classical one, the verb is synthetical throughout, except in one or two tenses where the analytical method has already begun to show itself. By separating the inflectional additions, and unravelling the euphonic changes necessitated by them, we may arrive at a residuum or grammarian's abstraction called the root. These roots which have no real existence in spoken language, serve as useful and indispensable pegs on which to hang the long chain of forms, which would otherwise defy all attempts at reducing them to order. Some writers have lately thought fit to sneer at the philologist and his roots, and have made themselves merry over imaginary pictures of a time when the human race talked to each other in roots only. These gentlemen set up a bugbear of their own creation for the purpose of pulling it to pieces again.

The grammarian may well afford to have his roots laughed at, witty men may crack their jokes over what they do not understand, but the man who does understand may enjoy his laugh at the joker as well as the joke. Is Mr. Beames, however, quite right in saying that roots have no real existence in spoken language? As a root *per se* it has no use; but the root is so very frequently identical with the second person singular of the Imperative as to make it probable that this latter was the primary source of verbal expression. Man's first necessity for a verb would seem naturally to be that of asking a service or expressing a command, to say *do* or *go*. Having made this first step, personal terminations and temporal and other developments followed. The Sanskrit verb is a lengthy one; "as an individual entity it is an aggregate of seven hundred and two words, all agreeing in expressing modifications of the root syllable which is the common inheritance of them all." But, long as this is, it is little more than half of what the Greek is capable of. Professor Max Müller has reckoned that the Greek verb yields about 1,300 forms. No verb either in Sanskrit or Greek runs through them all. It is this long complex Sanskrit verb that Mr. Beames starts with. He tracks it from its original form through the Prakrits, down to the most modern forms of the vernaculars. But some of these modern languages are seven or eight hundred years old, and there is Old Hindi as there is Old English. Besides these old and new forms, there are outlying and isolated dialects which preserve many archaisms of very high importance to the philologist. These dialects have been less exposed to outside influences, and in them the processes of attrition and assimilation have marched on slowly, so they often preserve words and forms which show the links between the old and the new. The varieties of languages and dialects in India are almost innumerable. A Gujarati proverb says, "Every twelve leagues language changes as the leaves change on the trees." In face of this great diversity, it is clear that the work of comparison is very far from complete. No one knows this better than the author of this book, who continually refers to facts that have been discovered since his earlier volumes were printed. But the scientific study of the languages of India has advanced rapidly

* *A Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India: to wit Hindi, Panjabi, Sindhi, Gujarati, Marathi, Oriya, and Bangali.* By John Beames, Bengal Civil Service. Vol. III. The Verb. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

during the last few years, and the tide is yet in full flow. We hope that Mr. Beames may keep his health to finish worthily his official career in India, and that he may retain all his eager spirit of inquiry to make the perfection of his great work the business and amusement of a well-earned retirement.

Almost the first, or the very first, business of the earliest descendants of Sanskrit was to get rid of that very useless possession, the dual number. The Romance Languages had not to perform this amputation; but, in many other respects, the process of attrition through which they and their modern representatives have passed are strikingly similar to what has gone on in the languages of India. Both classes resemble each other in sweeping away temporal endings of verbs and substituting participles with auxiliary verbs. The process is so similar that the result of an unwritten general law of language looks almost as if it had arisen from a specific provision. Sanskrit models its root into various conjugational stems. Its descendants get rid generally of these different stems and content themselves with one, most frequently that of the present tense, and on this they build up their complete verb. Some Sanskrit verbs, like *kri*, "to do," have such varieties of form as in languages less carefully worked out would have caused them to be classed as irregular. These have passed into the derivative tongues with their original peculiarities. The descendant has not selected one stem, but has borrowed the body of the verb ready formed, and subjected it only to the usual simplification of spelling and the addition of the modernized terminations. The result is that Pali forms of the Sanskrit verb *kri*, such as *karoti*, *kubbati*, *kayirā*, *kāhāmi*, *akāsi*, *kattum* would be hardly intelligible if there were not the Sanskrit forms to fall back upon. Mr. Beames compares with this the forms which *facere*, *habere*, and *scire* have assumed in the Romance and modern languages. One peculiarity of the modern languages of India is their abundance of neuter verbs. This obviates in great measure the necessity of a passive voice. Indeed the existence of a passive in some of these languages has been denied; but it really exists in a periphrastic form, though it is not much used. Notwithstanding this, the Sanskrit partiality for a passive construction has strongly impressed itself on some of the modern tongues, especially on Hindi, and it remains distinct in the more modern Urdu. The form of expression is not "he did," "he saw," but "by him done," "by him seen."

Mr. Beames has added to the interest of his volume by an examination of the Gipsy language, showing its relationship to the modern tongues of India, not simply by identity of words, but also by resemblance of grammatical forms. He regrets that his position and the scope of his work have prevented him from analysing the Persian and Pashtu analogies; but he agrees that the latter is a transitional border language, more nearly related to the Indian than the Iranian group. There is another language which ought to be brought into comparison with these, the Cingalese. Its affinity to the Aryan tongues was shown by the late Professor Childers shortly before his death. Mr. Beames has made occasional references to it; and no doubt, when he gets the materials and the opportunity, he will pursue his work. There is yet another language, or rather dialect, which deserves some notice, though we find no reference to it in this book. The Dakhni form of the Urdu is used by the Mahomedans of the south of India in the midst of a Dravidian population. The use or knowledge of the Persian language by the Mahomedans has brought into this dialect the Persian plural termination of nouns. The same influence, or more probably the Dravidian influence, has banished from it the peculiar instrumental construction which so distinctly marks the Urdu as a descendant of Sanskrit. There are other peculiarities well deserving of examination, especially in investigating the influences of one class of languages over those of another. It was at one time a rank philological heresy to hold that languages ever borrow grammatical forms. The almost universal course of language is undoubtedly against the theory of foreign inflectional influences; but there are exceptions, as that above noticed of the Semitic kind of pronouns in Sindhi. This is a matter of great interest to philologists; and we bring our notice of Mr. Beames's book to a close with some remarks of his relating to it:—

The differences between Konkani and Marathi do not, I think, entitle the former to be considered a distinct member of the Aryan group, but rather a dialect of the latter, which has been subjected very largely to Dravidian influences. Parallel to it, on the opposite coast of India, is the Oriya, spoken in Ganjam and Vizagapatam, which, though radically Oriya, has nevertheless been much Dravidianized by the influence of the Telugu, which surrounds it. Both Ganjam Oriya and Konkani Marathi show traces of this influence, not only in pronunciation, but even in structure. There is much to be said on this subject, but this is not the proper place for it, and from the known results in languages under our own eyes of Dravidian influences on Aryan speech, we might base considerations as to the probable extent and nature of those influences in former times. The subject would require a whole treatise to itself.

THE RUSSIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD.*

THE English author who attempts to write about Russia, and who happens to possess some personal knowledge of his subject, has a difficult task. For the last three or four years the English people, with a singular want of humour and common sense, has divided itself into two hostile camps. Men and women are not precisely Turcophiles or Russophiles (for neither Turk nor

Russian can excite a warm, enduring, and disinterested affection), but two-thirds of the community will listen to no good about Russians, while the other third goes wild if anything is said for the Turks. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the author of the very readable and gently instructive volumes now before us, has lived in Russia, and cannot conceal his opinion that the "wily Muscovite," after all, is our fellow-creature. This opinion may, and indeed will, excite the wrath of a certain school of patriots; but Mr. Sutherland Edwards ingeniously qualifies his expressions. His first volume is devoted to the Russians at home, and, even after Gautier and Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, it seems a pleasant, kindly, and truthful, if not very novel, report. In his second volume Mr. Edwards is more concerned with the political and less with the domestic life of Russia. He treats of Nihilism, of the Serfs and their emancipation, of Poland, and of Russia in her relations with Asia, India, and England. He makes it sufficiently clear that he is no partisan of the Northern Empire. He is aware of the squalor, ignorance, idleness, drunkenness, and other immorality which has survived the emancipation of the serfs. He gives his sympathies freely to the forlorn cause of the gallant Poles. He is not deceived by Russian protests in the matter of Central Asia, and he is as certain as every sane human being must be that, in the event of trouble with England, Russia would not spare to molest our Indian Empire. Yet in these designs Mr. Edwards does not see a diabolical and causeless malignity, but merely the natural policy of a great Empire, whose frontiers, by the inevitable law of political gravitation, are drawing near the rapidly advancing limits of our own dominions. In fact, Mr. Edwards is so cool, so sensible, and has so humorous an appreciation of the competitive bunkum in which some Russians and some Englishmen indulge, that we almost fear his book will please neither party. It cannot fail, however, to clear up the opinions of the enthusiasts who believe in Holy Russia, and of the other declaimers who think her a province of the kingdom of darkness.

A good deal of Mr. Edwards's book is "reproduced, with all necessary alterations, from newspapers, magazines, and reviews." Perhaps, as a result, it is not all very fresh; and we even seem to detect occasional repetitions, of no great importance indeed, but just enough to remind us that the treatise has not been written as a whole. The descriptions of Russian towns and Russian scenery are very well done, without effort and without affectation; but they are by this time a trifle familiar. The Neva; the gold and bronze, and green, and fire-coloured domes of the churches; the Russian tea-urn, and railway station, have been depicted till we know them by heart. Here is a more fresh description of the British sailor in Cronstadt (1856-57):—

Owing to the early and unexpected appearance of winter, a large number of vessels, of which by far the greater part were English, had been frozen in; so that Cronstadt, until the thaw, had in many respects the appearance of an English seaport. The names of the hotels and taverns were all painted up in English, more or less correct. The streets were full of English sailors who walked about without fur, without great-coats, without even gloves or goloshes, and with their breasts exposed; and a large pleasure-garden—the Cronstadt Cremorne—with all its tenements, had been hired by a certain number of them as a place of habitation. In the frozen harbour the long lanes of ships had had London titles given to them; and I walked down "Long Acre," "High Street," the "Commercial Road," and other icy thoroughfares, bearing names which recalled to the home-sick seamen the *avenue* of the British metropolis. But what chiefly interested me was to find that the English sailors, many and uproarious as their jollifications and spree had been during their half-year's sojourn at Cronstadt, had, at the same time, established schools in the Russian military port both for the ships' boys and for themselves. Of course they were aided in this by the English residents, foremost among whom were the clergymen of the English churches at Cronstadt and at St. Petersburg; but whatever instruction was offered the sailors thankfully accepted; and the Russian government placed at the disposal of the Committee one of its public buildings, in acknowledgment of which the English residents afterwards presented a sum of money to one of the Russian charities.

Venality and corruption have perhaps seen their best days in Russia, though we do not mean to say that the late war did not bring to light some colossal examples of fraud in the highest places. The system of bribery, as a system, is less potent than it was. It is no longer absolutely necessary to fold up paper-money with all the papers which require an official signature; nay, it is not impossible that the practice might occasionally be resented. Whatever may be the case with grand-dukes, the guards of railway trains are, we are told, more conscientious and less rapacious than of old. As the ordinary tourist has more to do with railway guards than with grand-dukes, this is, so far, comfortable intelligence. The movement against corruption may possibly spread upwards. Mr. Sutherland Edwards seems to be less terribly shocked by Russian venality than are the moralists who forget that "magisterial venality is quite a common subject of jest in Smollett's novels," and that European society was only cured of most of the social evils that survive in Russia by the Revolution. The police are still what in Montaigne's time they were in France:—

A friend of mine was in the Troitz restaurant at Moscow one day, when a merchant suddenly fell dead from apoplexy. In an instant the tables near him were deserted. There was no one to untie the expiring man's neckerchief. The first thought of every one was how to escape the police, who would have required the daily attendance of all present for an indefinite period, even if they had not imprisoned them, and affected to regard them as the apoplectic gentleman's assassins. The result of such a system is to degrade men to the level of beasts, and policemen to that of demons.

Mr. Edwards illustrates the whole subject by a spirited analysis of Gogol's famous comedy *Revizor*, in which the general corruption was made so ludicrous that even the Emperor Nicholas laughed freely at the spectacle. In *Revizor* a young traveller is detained

* *The Russians at Home and Abroad*. By H. Sutherland Edwards. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1879.

at a country town by want of money. The officials imagine him to be a new Government Inspector, their consciences prick them, and the young fellow is loaded with presents. The very hospital patients—neglected, starved, and squalid—appear “at the wings,” and hope to have their condition improved. Each official knows that he has not only stolen, but “stolen too much for his place,” in which naïve confession the highest official morality is summed up.

Mr. Edwards does not try to conceal the Orientalism of Russian middle-class society. It is probably a mistake to think that there is much Tatar blood among the people; but Russia is what it is—backward, half barbarous, and despotically governed—precisely because its progress was so long retarded by slavery to the Tatars. The half-civilization of the merchants—“trading serfs” as they used to be—displays itself even in the *bourgeois* drawing-room. A man will spend thousands on his furniture, and about half a sovereign on the wretched woodcuts or lithographs that he hangs on the walls. His wives and daughters keep up, more than do the gentry, the possibly Tatar system of face-painting. In the seventeenth century the Russian women (according to a traveller quoted by M. Rambaud) “painted themselves all colours. They laid on white, red, blue, and black.” The wives of the Boyars even appealed to the Czar, and requested him to compel a lady who was not a “Pict,” as the *Spectator* used to call them, to stain her cheeks and eyelids. Mr. Edwards does not tell us whether the merchants still, as of old, keep up the Tatar belief that corpulence is an excellent thing in woman. It is certain that the merchants’ wives and daughters still occasionally refuse to dance or to go to public assemblies, and they are constant to that point of Oriental modesty which forbids them to let their locks be seen. If so much of barbarism remains in minor details of manners, we must make allowance for its survival in more important matters. Russia is the creature of a history which she would have shaped otherwise had it been possible. Mr. Sutherland Edwards even ventures to remind the English reader, or rather to give him the startling information, that the Poles were once in possession of Moscow, and that Russia, at the first partition, “simply settled a long-standing account with her ancient enemy.”

Among matters that they order better in Russia than with us is the “alternating system” of labour. The Russians have no frozen-out gardeners, no “poor labouring men, who’ve got no work to do.” A “slack season” is unknown, for the artisans are so clever and ready, that in winter the out-of-door worker turns to some other trade. Thus labour is partly relieved of its drudgery, “the toil becomes less mechanical, and, with each change of occupation, a certain amount of energy is developed.” It may reconcile, or it may irritate, some Russophobes to learn that the Russian cuisine is very like our own:—

I was astonished, at one Russian dinner, which I was assured was thoroughly national in style, to meet with the homely roast leg of mutton and baked potatoes of my native land. Like the English, the Russians take potatoes with nearly every dish—either plain boiled, fried, or with parsley and butter over them. Plum-pudding, too, and boiled rice-pudding with currants in it, and with melted butter, are known in Russia—at all events in Moscow and St. Petersburg; and goose is not considered complete without apple-sauce.

There must surely be some secret affinity, after all, between the English and the Slavonic nature.

If this fact leads the student to feel a certain kindness for Russia, he may go on to Mr. Edwards’s second volume. Here he will need all his tolerance; for here we touch on questions truly burning—the Afghan frontier, Khiva, Merv and its occupation (which has already been beheld, in vision, by the *Daily Telegraph*), General Kaufmann’s short way with Turcomans, and so forth. This is not precisely the place in which to discuss political problems. Mr. Edwards is not of the faithful few who suppose that in Central Asia Russia is merely intent on the mission of civilization. An English Russophile (a clergyman) says that Russia would be mad to attack India with less than two hundred thousand men. General Khruleff thinks thirty thousand would be good enough. Experts will, however, hardly turn for information about military questions to Mr. Edwards’s book. The general reader will find it written in a tone delightfully natural and full of humour and good feeling. The chapter on Nihilism is perhaps scarcely “up to date,” and might almost as well have been omitted.

MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.*

MR. HENDERSON informs his readers in this lively and picturesque collection of scattered experiences that, “like a young duck, he was hardly out of the shell before he took to the water.” Not much less than sixty years ago his parents took up their abode in an old house at Durham on the Wear. As often as he could elude his nurse he would creep downstairs in his night-dress to play with sticks in the river. His parents had to check the dangerous taste by setting a stranger to watch and plunge him in the current, the gardener having been posted near at hand to come to the rescue. As soon as he was old enough to be entrusted with a rod and line the passion broke out in a more legitimate form, and henceforward his life appears to have swayed happily to and fro between flies in May and worms in June, from

eels to trout, from trout to salmon, with an occasional grayling and pike thrown in. Angling is not a mere recreation, like cricketing or shooting. It is a profession. What calling Mr. Henderson follows he does not say; but in any case that would only be to tell us how he makes his living. In his higher capacity as a moral and intelligent being he is a hunter of fish. If a more minute classification is desired, he is one who fishes, not with the fly, but with bait and up-stream. Mr. Henderson uses the fly in May; but his special predilection is for the worm. Should his fame survive to other generations, he expects to be remembered as one of the two “pioneers of worm-fishing up-stream in clear water in the Border rivers.” For his patent of nobility he can cite the ejaculation of a keeper at beholding his prowess in this way:—“Egad, sir, ye are waur than a net; I never seed the like!” Until he and his faithful companion and fishing tutor, Charles Ebdy, a Durham ropemaker and general utility man, taught the world the lesson how to fish up-stream, this great art, according to Mr. Henderson, remained a mystery. An Edinburgh citizen who witnessed his performances in the Tweed even with a fly, declared he must be “just a fearfu’ mageecian”; for “did na I fush this mysel’ doon several times without a rise, an’ ye fushed it up? And of coorse it is quite impossible for a man to fush up a stream and catch a trout without he has a trick.” Elsewhere Mr. Henderson incidentally remarks that “he who makes a marked discovery in the art of angling has earned his place in the general Valhalla.” Modestly he abstains from applying the observation; but it is clear that one who showed the way to fish from the bottom of the stream has his niche secured in the temple of Fame beside the authors of “the relics of Egypt and of Rome, the statuary of Greece, or the glories of Raphael and Correggio.” Let not, however, emulous aspirants be too sure that they comprehend what up-stream really means. “Many a man says, ‘I always fish up-stream.’ If you watch him you will notice that he walks up-stream, but in casting he only casts across, and his fly or worm is almost always below, so that he is under a delusion altogether.”

Fishing is a serious business. Perhaps on that very account its pleasures never lose their freshness. In the first place, his pursuit carries the angler necessarily among the most exquisite scenes. The trout, and the salmon, and the grayling haunt spots sacred equally to the rod and the pencil. Mr. Henderson’s volume is pleasantly illustrated, especially by his wife, and the woodcuts show what an excellent guide the trout makes to the artist. The angler’s favourite weather may not be what a layman would choose. He has no objection to a mist, or even to a thin small rain. He prefers water of the colour of pale ale to crystalline whiteness. But he does not disdain sunshine when not too glaring, and he loves above all months the poet’s month of May with its subtle lights and shades. No sport yields such an emotion as the angler’s first real fish. Mr. Henderson recalls the intoxication of delight which seized upon him and his companions at the first trout he hooked of a pound weight. The whole troop of boys burst into a passion of cheers and yells. They could fish no more that afternoon after so portentous an event. “Back we marched at once to the old city bearing our prize suspended by the gills upon a hazel stick and looking out for the admiring gaze of the passers-by.” The emotion was renewed later on when the “first salmon,” which, however, Mr. Henderson explains, was, after all, not a real salmon, but a bull trout, was brought to the bank. “Leaving my fish to fling himself about at pleasure, I threw myself on a sandbank, and kicked up my legs in a style more energetic than becoming.” To the day’s labour succeed the pleasant dinner with brother anglers and the humours of the village inn. In the evening, or when the weather forbids the rod, there is always in fishing headquarters a centre at which to compare predictions of the morrow and reminiscences of the past. Sometimes it is a fishing-tackle depôt, sometimes a nondescript shop like Charles Ebdy’s, “a Paradise of delight,” as the owner was “to a certain little world the greatest hero in the city of Durham.” Anglers do not hold an elaborate luncheon to be as necessary a concomitant of sport as do men shooting partridges or pheasants. Yet an angler will not disdain an improvised banquet of half-a-dozen trout killed within the hour and cooked on wood embers. Trout and salmon are not the only denizens of a river worth the fisherman’s observation. While bent apparently simply on the filling of his creel, he has the whole open book of nature to study from. A kingfisher may dart from the bank and betray his nest, oval, and made of trout bones with a lining of the smaller bones of minnows. Or it may be an eel, “certainly two feet in length,” which has audaciously captured a trout seven inches long, and is making off regardless of cries and even clasp-knives. Eels few anglers love. One of three pounds and a half gave Mr. Henderson a mile’s run along the stream before he knew what he had hooked. When he took it to his Scotch hostess to cook, she was shocked at being asked to perform her sacred rites over a “serpent beast.” “Think now,” she expostulated, “o’ what the serpent did to puir Eve.” On another occasion he hooked a grilse of nine pounds, which suddenly sank to the bottom of the stream. For a long time it was immovable. At last it began to ascend. “One would have thought the hook was bringing up a gooseberry-bush.” In fact, when landed, it brought with it a dozen eels. “Some dropped from the mouth, some from the stomach.” The fish had been hooked in the gills, and died at once from suffocation. Thereupon the eels had taken possession. It was they that had resisted the efforts to bring the fish to the surface.

Otters are as destructive as eels; but Mr. Henderson sym-

* *My Life as an Angler.* By William Henderson. London: Satchell, Peyton, & Co. 1879.

pathizes with their love of sport too much to hunt them. They, on their part, act as if they were the angler's fellow-sportsmen, though the amiable sentiment is scarcely reciprocated. Mr. Henderson tells several stories of the otter which make that river dog's coming extinction a matter of regret. "We brothers of the angle," writes Mr. Henderson, with praiseworthy amiability, "are too apt to regard the otter as a rival enemy." In proof that the race can be tamed, he narrates the doings of a tame otter kept in Coquetdale which would fish in its master's service. Moderately enough, it only required a fish for its own eating after it had killed half-a-dozen. If its tithe were not given, it would take a fit of sulkiness. Once, on the Tweed, Mr. Henderson observed a fine salmon rise twice perpendicularly out of the river, poise itself on the surface, and then slowly descend tail first. An otter was holding the fish by the extremity of the tail under the water. But of all these stories none is more extraordinary than one Mr. Henderson tells of an encounter between an otter and Lord John Scott, brother to the Duke of Buccleugh. A bank on the Tweed has from the commencement of legal memory been the resort of a pair of otters. The tenants for the time being have over and over again been speared, netted, or worried by dogs. But another pair has always succeeded to the vacant seat. One day some hounds, being put upon the track, chased the otter to his home. Two terriers were sent in, but they were repulsed badly mutilated. Thereupon Lord John dug a hole on the top of the embankment. This he entered head foremost, carrying an open knife across his mouth. Gradually he disappeared, all but the soles of his boots. First there were strange sounds, then a dead silence. The boots were seen to move, and Lord John reappeared, holding a large otter dead. "Face to face in that narrow den of darkness man and beast had striven for life. The conqueror's appearance showed at what a price victory had been won. Arms, hands, and chest, torn, clawed, and bleeding, told their tale." Mr. Henderson grows as excited as the crowd which insisted on chairing "their own hero." We hardly dare to ask if it be a gentleman's business to set his life against that of an otter. Except when a duke's brother challenges an otter to single combat, Mr. Henderson would possibly sympathize with the otter. He seems to have done so with a fox in circumstances which may have pleased himself better than the fox-hunters. Without a visible blush, he records how he and Charlie Ebdy—just as if they were Harry in *Sandford and Merton*—never said a word, though they saw a fox, hard pressed by the hounds, mount a stone wall and run along the top till the scent was lost. It is shocking to find how the rapture of one sport shuts the heart to the rights of another.

A fisherman's career has its pains as well as its pleasures. Occasionally he hooks himself or a companion instead of a fish. Mr. Henderson in taking a trout out of the water imbedded the hook in the middle finger of his left hand. After first landing his fish, he sat down and "attempted to force the hook through the finger. Straining back the point, I made it circle round the bone, and then, with repeated urgings, succeeded at last in forcing it through the opposite side of the finger." The immediate result of the little operation to this Berserker of the Till and the Wear was, we are told, "great joy in showing the results to my companions." This is a sort of angler's delight which most persons would prefer to be spared. On another occasion a young surgeon fishing with him makes a sweep with his line and hooks Mr. Henderson's nostril. The hand which wounded healed. The victim explains the cure somewhat equivocally. He was thanking the operator for his skill. "'Don't mention it,' said the latter, 'I never had a lancet in my hand before; but as I got my first case of instruments last week, it seemed a good opportunity for trying them.'" Later on Mr. Henderson had his revenge on humanity. He was fishing the Tweed with a country lad in attendance, when, as he thought, he whipped off his fly. He sat down and after a quarter of an hour had found another to his mind. "Now Sandie was singularly quiet and self-possessed; so it surprised me not a little to see him all this time indulging in most extraordinary and grotesque contortions of countenance. At last the poor lad clapped his hand to his ear, and roared out, 'Dash it, aw believe it's in ma lug!' And sure enough in his ear we found the missing fly." Now and again it is a dog who is the unintended mark. At Mr. Henderson's first apprenticeship to the art his mother's poodle swallowed the meat bait. The dog had to be subjected to a species of vivisection before it could be released. His mother next morning was surprised that "poor La Touche seems to eat his buttered toast with difficulty." As he is taking his rest at a village inn, with his salmon rod planted near the door, a pointer, the absent landlord's most treasured possession, springs into the air, and seizes a "blue doctor." Away rushes the dog, breaking both rod and line in its dismay and agony. In the same way Mr. Henderson has to chronicle among his casual prey a pig, a cat, and even a snake, though the last escaped. But the most unusual spoil was not made by him. At St. Boswell's a naval veteran of his acquaintance had gone out fishing from a boat in the Tweed with his son. Making too eager a cast, he plunged overboard. "The poor boy thought he would certainly be drowned; so seizing a salmon cleik which lay in the boat, he made a wild dash at his submerged sire, who was floundering with his head downwards, and succeeding in planting the cruel tool deep in the parental back. Roar upon roar proceeded from below; but the lad held on gallantly, persuaded that he was doing the right thing to save his father, till, after a long struggle, by a vigorous twist behind, the

agonized Captain succeeded in wriggling off the hook, and swam towards the shore."

When there is no hook to catch in the wrong quarter, the angler has always the chance of tumbling into the stream and catching a cold. In one such predicament Mr. Henderson had to array himself in a footman's blue coat and waistcoat with huge gilt buttons, voluminous white necktie, crimson plush breeches and white stockings, which his youthful legs refused to fill. On descending to the dining-room in his masquerade attire, he found a party of eighteen guests waiting to receive him. Sometimes in the early spring, or on the last day of the season, November 7, when, according to the angler's much caressed tradition, "salmon will never be so unkind as to sulk," the cold is so intense that the fingers are too benumbed to hold the rod. Yet the genuine angler fishes on, with short adjournments to feel his hands at an impromptu fire on the bank. The chase will at times entice him to a precipice which he can neither ascend nor descend. Mr. Henderson records two difficulties of this kind in which he ran peril of his life, once in Scotland and once in the St. Gothard Pass. In the St. Gothard, with hands crippled by rheumatic gout, the angler's constant friend, he had to scramble into a place of safety down "a wooden spout or trough for conveying water to a mill." The angler must not be surprised if an angry bull pursues him into the centre of the stream. Mr. Henderson twice encountered this pleasant adventure, the bull the first time being encouraged to his onset by the approving lowings of some thirty cows. Sometimes it is a turbulent boar or a savage dog which attacks the trespasser. More obnoxious than bulls and frost is often the accommodation the fishermen in Mr. Henderson's early days had to expect. A "box bed" in the good old times, with a troop of navvies drinking and smoking in the room beyond, must have been peculiarly horrible. Scarcely more conducive to a sound night's repose can have been the probability that at the "Black Bull" the angler would on awaking discover "the red woollen night-cap" of a drover peacefully reposing on his pillow. Worst of all an angler's sorrows, the object for which he braves bulls and rheumatism and hard living will often elude him. "It is a melancholy fact that the monster fish are very apt to get away." We scarcely know whether to class among the pains or the pleasures that a salmon sometimes when hooked quietly sinks to the bottom for the night, and the angler has to keep his vigils till the rising sun wakes up the fish, to fight the battle over again with fresh vigour. To the same debatable land belongs, we suppose, a contest with a twenty-pound salmon, communicated apparently by Mr. Henderson to the *Field*. Mr. Henderson was armed simply with a light trout rod and fine trout tackle, and terminated the battle only by throwing himself prone upon the fish in the shallow water. "The struggle over, my brain began to swim round and round, and I fell upon the green bank as helpless as the fish itself. Victor and victim lay in equal unconsciousness side by side, for how long I do not know; but happily my situation was seen from the opposite bank by the fisherman's daughter, who pulled across the river to my assistance. A dram of whisky and a few moments of rest restored me, and I was able to appreciate my wonderful success." And yet angling is classed as nothing but a pastime!

The morality of angling is proverbial. Even the professional fisherman, though he does not object to selling alkali-poisoned salmon for the Paris market, does it in the simple faith that to the cooking skill of "Parlez-vous" rotten fish and fresh are all one. The moral instinct of a gentleman angler is a great deal keener. Yet he, too, is so specially law-abiding a creature that, pernicious as a practice may be, so long as the law does not forbid it, he does not see why he should not take advantage of it. He is a little of the opinion of the good boy in Cowper's poem, who shuddered at the invitation to rob the poor farmer's orchard, yet thought, if it was to be done, he might as well have his share. Mr. Henderson is "thankful to say" that "the most objectionable practice" of spearing salmon is now prohibited by law. Before it was forbidden he has killed a salmon in this fashion, though he disliked the "thrill which tingled through the arms from the poor writhing creature." The wriggle through a line is, on the contrary, a pleasurable and virtuous sensation. He rejoices that kelts are protected. Before the new ordinances have come into force he declares a twenty-pound salmon was looked upon as a phenomenon. Now every regular Tweed angler can reckon up such prizes. But his sense of the impropriety of killing kelts brings no remorseful reflections on the scores he slaughtered in bygone times. Again, he has a religious horror of the use of salmon-roe, and expresses his high satisfaction that the possession of it is made illegal. But though he always had "scruples as to such bait being legitimate," he relates with a certain pride how very triumphantly he employed it for the sake of the "experiment." He even indulged in the bait during the period of grace after the Bill had passed which prohibited it. But perhaps it is too much to expect an enthusiastic angler should be more scrupulous than the law. Save for such occasional lapses from an almost superhuman standard of duty, the pursuit of angling is known to be a school of all the virtues. Modesty alone, perhaps, might be supposed to have been left out of angling ethics. An angler certainly does not dissemble his excellences. Mr. Henderson mentions various panegyrics pronounced upon himself by admiring spectators; such as that "Waal, you're joost a grand feshier." But he is writing history, and modesty would be want of veracity. Our only doubt of the absolute efficacy of the art for the inculcation of all social obligations would be on the score that it seems to foster a rather democratic and communistic temper. Mr. Henderson indulges in very demagogic laments of the contrast

between the present and the past, when the angler could drop his line pretty well wherever he pleased. He warns the rich of what will come of over-preserving their trout and their salmon. How, in these days of rapid communications, fish would exist with the free-fishing principles of forty years back Mr. Henderson does not explain. Probably the millennium he contemplates is not the abolition of water bailiffs, but an apportionment of all good trout and salmon waters among societies of fishermen, who should have qualified by taking so many pounds of fish in so many hours. Skill, we should surmise, of a high order would be an essential condition of admission to Mr. Henderson's angling republic. A man may be ever so well disposed to catch fish, but Mr. Henderson would deny him the privileges of an angler unless he prove himself competent to use them. He must show generalship. He must have studied the principles upon which fishes act, and know when the worm suits their palate and when the fly, when it should be the palmer and when the blue dun. The lamentable thing is that it is a kind of learning which can never be taught by books. Mr. Henderson's precepts may fire the ambition of his readers. Unless they meet with a Charlie Ebdy, they can learn little from his volume but that he killed many thousands of pounds of excellent trout and salmon, and is much the happier for the remembrance that he did it.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS IN THE SIMANCAS ARCHIVES.*

AS we anticipated in our notice of the previous instalment of these papers from the archives of Simancas, the new volume contains an immense number of documents which refer to the case of the divorce of Catharine of Aragon. Though issued as Part I. only of the Fourth Volume, it extends to nearly a thousand pages, but it runs over a period of scarcely more than a year and a half. It was undoubtedly an eventful time, for it included the trial of the case in the Legatine Court in England, the conclusion of the Treaty of Cambray called the *paix des dames*, the production of the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, and the death of Cardinal Wolsey.

But before we enter on the more agreeable task of giving our readers a condensed account of some of the more important of these interesting documents, we have a few words to say on the execution of the work by its accomplished editor, Don Pascual de Gayangos. Of course we must consider him responsible for the contents of the volume, on the principle that *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; yet we feel sure that more than one inferior hand must have been employed in its production. And here we might repeat almost word for word the criticism we published in a previous notice (June 23, 1877). Again we make no complaint of the insertion of numerous papers which have nothing to do with English affairs. They supply information, much of which is not to be found elsewhere, as to contemporaneous events in other parts of Europe; and we should be sorry to see the liberty which Don Pascual de Gayangos has assumed, of travelling beyond the affairs of England, curtailed by an order from the Master of the Rolls. In the interests of historical truth we welcome all that he has printed, and it is no business of ours to settle how far the editor has or has not followed his instructions. But we have a far graver fault to find. Not only are there many misprints and mistakes, which will probably be corrected in a table of errata which it is promised shall appear at the end of the next part, together with "additions and corrections," but there are several misleading explanations of historical events and personages. Don Pascual is no doubt a very accomplished person, but he is either specially ignorant or else specially careless about English affairs. It is probable that in some cases subordinates may be responsible for these mistakes. It seems to us as if two different persons had been employed in explaining, within brackets, who the same person referred to in two different despatches really is. The editor has frequently supplied this information most usefully for the general reader. But in one or two instances where the information was wanted, he has not supplied it at all, and in several instances he has given the wrong name. We exposed some errors of this kind in the preceding portion of the work. We now notice, among merely careless errors of press, that at p. 216 Henry VII. is made to sign a memorandum of doubts and objections raised against his successor's marriage; that at p. 439 Eustace Chapuys is represented as writing to Don Antonio de Mendoza a letter which is plainly addressed to the Emperor. Of more serious mistakes the following is a specimen. The Bishop of London mentioned by the Emperor in a despatch of May 7, 1530, is not Tunstall, who had been translated to Durham, but Stokesley, his successor, not yet consecrated. In a document dated three days later, and again on the 26th of May, the same explanation is given where Mr. de Londres is called Cuthbert Tunstall—and here the name is not bracketed, as it ought to have been—whereas on the 17th of May the Bishop of London is explained as being Stokesley, again not bracketed, as it ought to have been, to show that the words do not belong to the original document. Such a mistake is perhaps excusable, but what is to be thought of the care-

lessness of the explanation that the Chancellor who was sent for by the King on August 20, 1530, was Cromwell. We should have thought the veriest tiro in history must have known that, whatever influence Cromwell may have begun to exercise over the King after Wolsey's fall, he was not his successor in the Chancellorship, to which Sir Thomas More had been appointed. Again, whoever it was that could speak of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 27th of November, 1530, as Cranmer, must have been in entire ignorance of the whole proceedings of the Court at Dunstable in 1533, and of the celebrated protest made by Archbishop Warham in 1531. Subsequently we find on December 21 the Archbishop's name correctly given as Warham. Such mistakes necessarily impair the trustworthiness of the editor's explanations of his documents. We may observe, however, that they are easily detected, and that we have not noticed many more. Some of them—e.g. the speaking of Ford, for Fox, as Wolsey's predecessor in the see of Winchester—look very much like the mistakes of an amanuensis correcting a handwriting that he is not familiar with. Again, as the editor has undertaken to explain who other people mentioned in these documents are, he might as well have told us, on the occasion of his being first mentioned in that capacity, that "the bishop of Vaynchestre who starts for France to-day"—i.e. December 29, 1530—is Gardiner.

There is one omission to explain an allusion which is more excusable, and, as it will serve to introduce our readers to one of the main subjects of importance with which this volume is concerned, we will proceed to notice it. There are at least two documents where Reginald (afterwards Cardinal) Pole is evidently intended, but the evidence which serves to identify him in one of these cases has only recently been discovered. Till the two mutilated letters from the King to Pole were published by the editor of the *Records of the Reformation* there was absolutely no evidence to show that Pole had thrown himself heartily into the King's cause, and was doing all he could at Paris in the spring of 1530 to forward the divorce. Not a hint of this occurs in Pole's Life or Letters, or in any other document that we have seen. Both these letters appear in Mr. Brewer's Calendar, and to these is added another from the Record Office from Pole himself to the King, dated from Paris, May 13, which fully bears out this view; and this again is followed by another, of May 20, in which Dorigni, the President of the Chamber of Requests at Paris, is exhorted by the King to follow the directions of Reginald Pole. A subsequent letter from Pole to the King, dated from Paris, July 7, signifies that the great matter is now achieved according to the King's purpose, and completes the case. During the month of July Pole arrived in England, and on August 2 Eustace Chapuys, writing to the Emperor, says:—

The Queen, hearing of what has passed in Paris, does not care a straw for all that has been done there in favour of the King, and in my opinion she is quite right, for I have certain information that one of those who went over for the King has said the same since his return from that capital, and expressed his great surprise that there should have been so many distinguished men in that University ready of their own accord to speak out so boldly and firmly in support of the Queen's cause.—P. 673.

That the person alluded to is Reginald Pole we have little doubt, because he immediately after this seems to have repented of his action, and to have refused to have anything more to do with the case. We have no details of the exact time when Pole changed his mind, for hitherto history has not recognized any such change, Pole having been represented as always opposing the King's wishes, and so having incurred his displeasure.

And here we light upon a most interesting sentence in another despatch from Chapuys to the Emperor, mostly written in cipher. Nor can there be the slightest doubt who is meant, because it is well known from other sources that Pole at this time declined the archbishopric of York, lately rendered vacant by the death of Cardinal Wolsey. The paragraph is as follows:—

There remains but little to say excepting that the King has offered to the son of the Princess' governess, who is a relative of his, the archbishopric of York on condition of his being one of the two neutral judges above mentioned and complying with the King's wishes in that respect; but he has declined the appointment, saying very candidly that he considered he had already sinned against his conscience when, in obedience to the King's commands, he had tried to forward the King's case at Paris.—P. 854.

Now there can be no question that this is Reginald Pole, the son of the Countess of Salisbury, who was afterwards so cruelly executed by the King. But we learn for the first time from this despatch the exact terms on which the Northern Primacy was offered to Pole, and the fact also that he had been forcing himself against his better judgment to abet the King in his unhallowed purpose of divorcing his wife. It is a deep stain on the character of the Cardinal, who, though hardly rising to the idea of a great man, was undoubtedly amongst the very highest characters of the day. But, putting all these hints together, it seems probable that Pole was assisting the King with an uneasy conscience, and that his change of purpose began when he observed so many of the canonists and theologians at Paris inflexible in their determination to do what was right, in opposition to the wishes of the Kings both of England and France.

All this despatch, or at least the whole of its ciphered contents, contains new information. It appears that on the 12th of January, 1531, the King had arranged that there should be an apparently free debate between six doctors on the one side and six on the other, after hearing which two impartial judges should decide the question one way or the other. Of these impartial judges Pole, as Archbishop of York, it seems, was to be one, and he

* Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain. Preserved in the Archives at Simancas, and elsewhere. Vol. IV. Part I. Henry VIII. 1529-30. Edited by Pascual de Gayangos. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.

was to be made archbishop for the express purpose of deciding for the King; and Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was to be the other, he having been induced, after formerly being of the Queen's Council, to change sides, though Chapuys thought he was naturally timid, and now so old that his constancy and discretion could hardly be relied on.

It is not a little remarkable that, with regard to so important an attempt as this, there should be only one document as yet made public which refers to it. Burnet had seen it, and fairly enough represents it in his History, though he did not print it at length. The document itself, which is in the Cottonian Library, has been printed in the *Records of the Reformation*, published at Oxford in 1876; but, by a strange oversight, the editor has assigned it to the year 1533 instead of 1531. It is a letter from Stokesley to Fisher, corresponding exactly with what Chapuys says as to most of its particulars. Stokesley was writing on January 8, and therefore can hardly be acquitted of the charge of deliberately attempting to deceive the Bishop of Rochester when he tells him, "I am the bolder without the King's Highness' knowledge thus to write unto your good lordship." Stokesley, as the King's agent, must have known at least as much of the matter as the Imperial Ambassador in London could have known; and Chapuys details at length, what he had probably heard from Fisher himself—with whom he was in correspondence—the conversation that had taken place at Lambeth between Stokesley, Lee, and Fox on the subject. The probability is that the projected debate of the 12th of January never came off, owing to Fisher's persistent refusal to be a party to any such manoeuvre. No doubt Fisher knew quite as well as Chapuys that they were intended to establish a foregone conclusion, and perhaps Pole's refusal to act put a final stop to the project.

It may be thought we have dwelt much on a small matter; but it is very curious to see how much, even in a purely English affair, documents from foreign archives contribute to the right understanding of events. Chapuys's despatches are of such remarkable interest that we must reserve our account of the rest of them for a future article. We will only observe for the present that they are continuous, from the 1st of September, 1529, to the end of 1530, and give a far more detailed account of the proceedings at the English Court, as well as a far more accurate estimate of the purposes and motives of the actors in the affair of the divorce of Catharine, than can be found elsewhere.

(To be continued.)

COUSIN HENRY.*

THIS is not a novel exactly, but rather a study, and a very able one. One character occupies both the author's space and his—we may almost say—undivided attention. The story lends itself to the development and exhibition of Cousin Henry. The other characters are shadows or repetitions of what the author has given us before; but we cannot recall among Mr. Trollope's creations another Cousin Henry. There is very little love-making; so what there is has to be condensed, in the summing up of the story especially, into a somewhat overpowering essence. We know at once that Cousin Henry, though pressed upon, and pressing himself upon, the heroine, though not evil to the eye but tall and with well-formed features, and even though in the first scene she tells him he is odious to her—which, according to our experience of fiction, is generally a sign full of promise—has no chance. "I don't care a bit for his wild oats," says the lady to her old uncle; "but why can't he look me in the face?" This objection we feel to be conclusive. There is, in fact, another reason for this impossibility of Isabel Brodrick ever marrying her cousin, Henry Jones, in the person of William Owen of Hereford, a Minor Canon attached to the cathedral. Minor Canons, it may be observed by the way, have risen lately in the market of fiction as *jeunes premiers*. Property, not love, is the real theme of the story. The trials, the temptations, the conflict between duty and inclination, all relate, not to the hearts of impressionable young people, but to the holders, in possession or in prospect, of real property—property of solid, not dazzling, value; the merits of fifteen hundred a year appealing rather to the judgment than the imagination of the reader.

If we were disposed to be captious in our criticism, we might say that the story is an attack on conscience. All the mischief comes of the uncle's conscience, and the mean villain of the piece is all the meaner for his possession of a conscience. The old gentleman, though otherwise high-minded, selfishly presses on his niece a marriage with a man whom he dislikes and she loathes, as she frankly tells him, all because his conscience is in favour of leaving his estate to the male heir. And conscience, which makes cowards of us all, takes all the manhood out of Cousin Henry. Great villains have always, and necessarily, some qualities which are admirable in their own nature, though not in their application of them. Courage and daring, which stand pre-eminent, readiness, resource, imagination, passion, resolution, self-confidence, and strength to browbeat even conscience—these excite sympathy and a species of fellow-feeling. But there is no sympathy for weak wrong-doing; no sympathy for a conscience that trembles, and yet raises no effectual barrier; that goes as far as it dares in the wrong way, and is only arrested by threatenings and dread of

retribution. A sinner thus provided it has pleased Mr. Trollope to depict, and he has done so with care and success. His insight into the making and constitution of a poor creature is comprehensive and masterly.

We suppose it is a desperate act to destroy a will. It is at any rate the policy of the novelist to maintain this view of the crime—as awful and almost impossible to the craven spirit, as a thing unnatural, outrageous, revolting to the most hardened conscience—for his craft requires it. Wills are an invaluable source of interest in the construction of plots; and burnt wills, like dead men, tell no tales. If Cousin Henry had burnt the will that came into his hands, he would have been a finer fellow, according to one estimate of what constitutes the character; but he dared not do it, though his start in life and subsequent career had not been such as to make him scrupulous. His father had run away with a married woman, and, after her divorce, had married her, Henry being the fruit of their union. His uncle, the squire, in obedience to his sense of duty, had had the boy at Llanfeare, but nobody liked him. He was sly and given to lying, and later on had been sent away from Oxford for an offence not altogether trivial. These were the wild oats he had outgrown, giving up the practice of running into debt and sending in his bills to his uncle, and settling down as clerk in a London office. This was not a match that an old descendant of a long line of Joneses would choose for a darling niece. But the estate had claims prior to all others; his duty to the land took precedence of all other duties. Llanfeare always had belonged to a Jones, and he feels it imperative to secure it to a member of that fortunate stock; so he makes a will in accordance with these principles, informing both nephew and niece of the fact. The conversations on this point support the character for determination with which Mr. Trollope endows all his heroines. Cousin Henry would rather have the estate without the encumbrance of a wife who makes no secret of her antipathy; but he offers no objection to the arrangement, and proposes in due form, receiving the answer we have recorded. So the matter stands, and Isabel leaves her cousin at Llanfeare while she pays a visit to her father in Hereford. Here a summons comes to her. Her uncle is dying. She arrives in time to minister the last kind offices and to hear his last words, "It is all right. It is done." These words, heard by no one else and never repeated by her, she understands as the reversal of the will which had been made in her cousin's favour; but when the reading of the will after the funeral comes, no will is to be found later than that making Henry Jones the heir.

Thus far the author only introduces us to the scene. We now enter upon the action of the piece, which is mainly carried on within the heart and brain and nerve of a craven nature, always hedging and shuffling, taking no step downwards till it is too late for its purpose. The cousins remain in the same house till after the funeral, the housekeeper informing Isabel, in spite of a dignified repelling of all such information, of her conviction that a new will had been made during her absence, though Mr. Apjohn the lawyer had not been sent for. Cousin Henry begins to excite an unfriendly curiosity. It is observed that he looks white-faced, wan, pallid, spiritless, and that all day he occupies the book-room, hitherto little frequented. The reading of the will follows the funeral. Mr. Apjohn, an old friend as well as family lawyer, announces his belief that the will which he himself had drawn up was not the Squire's latest will. The tell-tale nerves of the heir betray him. Great beads of sweat stand on his brow. The scene is well done, and is enlivened by the conduct of one of the witnesses to the missing document; for it is missing. No later will is to be found. Cousin Henry has some leading questions put to him, under which he again perspires, though without exciting direct suspicion. And, in fact, his answers to the questions put to him are true. The dying man "never spoke to you about another will, a further will, that should again bestow the estate on your cousin?" "No," said cousin Henry, with the perspiration still on his brow. Isabel was sure that a will was somewhere, though it might be null and void; but she could not go about among the searchers, for it was impossible for her to encounter the tremulous misery of her cousin. The whole household showed a growing and ever more insolent repugnance on noticing this mysterious and spiritless demeanour. He sat in the bath-room and witnessed the search going on (by somewhat clumsy seekers), his eyes following them, neither aiding nor hindering the business in hand. He sits up in that dreary little room late into the night disregarding the butler's hints that he had better go to bed:—

His mind at this moment was tormented grievously within him. There was a something which he might do or a something which he might not do if he could only make up his mind. "Honesty is the best policy!" "Honesty is the best policy!" he repeated the well-known words to himself a thousand times without, however, moving his lips or forming a sound. There he sat thinking it all out, trying to think it out. There he sat still trembling, still in an agony, for hour after hour. At one time he had fully resolved to do that by which he would have proved to himself his conviction that honesty is the best policy, and then he sat doubting again—declaring to himself that honesty itself did not require him to do this meditated deed. "Let them find it," he said to himself at last, aloud. "Let them find it. It is their business; not mine." But still he sat looking at the books opposite him.

Having conceived a character and situation so well matched, it is quite in our author's vein to make sport of the victim as a cat does of a mouse. Horrors accumulate round him. Of course by one act of daring he could rid himself of all danger of detection; but the double fear of finding himself a felon—and, as such, one of the class who labour in gangs, with cropped hair, in a prison dress—and

* *Cousin Henry*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall.

the terrors of a more distant and mysterious future, hold him back till the time for action is over; so that he incurs the guilt of evil intention, without reaping the fruit by putting it in execution. He is always feeling himself ill-used, always justifying himself to himself, never for a moment deriving any satisfaction from the possession of the inheritance which he believes ought by right to be his. Ingenious modes of torment are put in motion. The editor of the *Carmarthen Herald* opens a weekly series of attacks upon him with the intent of forcing him to bring an action for libel. Cousin Henry would willingly treat this attack with contemptuous silence, but his family lawyer does not allow this. He calls upon him, lays his duty before him, reads a string of questions from the *Herald* "in a low, plain voice, slowly but with clear accentuation. Has Mr. Henry Jones expressed any opinion of his own as to what became of the will that Mr. Cator signed? Has Mr. Henry Jones any idea why we persecute him in every fresh issue of our newspaper? Has Mr. Henry Jones any thought of prosecuting us for libel, &c." and at length forces him into consent. This step being gained, the great lawyer Mr. Cheeky, one of those terrible cross-questioners whom Mr. Trollope delights to depict at their work, is secured for the defence; and his manner is thus described to the luckless prosecutor by the clerk who goes over for instructions:—

"He's gentle enough at first, is Mr. Cheeky."

"What is it all to me?" asked Cousin Henry.

"Oh, nothing, Sir. To a gentleman like you who knows what he's about it's all nothing. What can Mr. Cheeky do to a gentleman who has got nothing to conceal? But when a witness has something to hide—and sometimes there will be something—then it is that Mr. Cheeky comes out strong. He looks into a man and sees that it's there, and then he turns him inside out till he gets at it. That's what I call skinning a witness. I saw a poor fellow once so knocked about by Mr. Cheeky that they had to carry him down speechless out of the witness-box."

It is not our business to give the story. The reader will prefer the author's mode of telling it. The plot is like a game of Lights, as it is called. Heads set to work; the scent gets stronger and stronger; at length a sharper wit than the rest hits on the trail, and, once hit on, the rest is easy. Cousin Henry has a tell-tale face, and moreover only lies when driven to it as a last resource, which is not the way to lie successfully. On the whole, we acquiesce in the strain of compassion for his victim in which Mr. Trollope closes his story. "Not to do that which justice demands is so much easier to the conscience than to commit a deed palpably fraudulent." Cousin Henry might have been worse; at least he might have done worse; so, after the badgering of two volumes, he is let off easily at last. Daring villains are so much in favour with the run of novelists that it is not amiss for a master of the craft to deprive low aims of the adventitious support and ornament of a confident manner and brazen self-reliance, and to exhibit them for what they are, under the unfavourable conditions of weak nerves and constitutional disqualification for acting them out with a bold front and consequent flourish of success.

PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.*

MR. SALA'S talent as a writer may fairly be called unique. He will "discourse you" about nothing, and give you a more pleasant impression than another man will by relating the most exciting and curious events. It may safely be supposed that, if Mr. Sala were cast away upon a desert island, he could write letters from his solitude as amusing as if they were composed in the heart of a great capital on a fête-day. One would get in them bright and fresh reminiscences of the cities and manners of many men which the writer knows with wonderful accuracy; references and allusions to ancient and modern history suggested in the most natural way, and brought in without a suspicion of pedantry; the bare rock and the level sea would serve Mr. Sala as a text for more interesting and amusing matter than many writers can get out of a flourishing country or a crowded street.

Mr. Sala's present volumes are a happy illustration of the attractiveness of his style and the fertility of his resources, and the manner in which they grew into being is highly characteristic. The author went to Paris to write a few letters about the latest Exhibition for the *Daily Telegraph*, meaning to stay only a fortnight. "But," he says in a preface, "towards the close of every succeeding fortnight I used to receive a telegram to this effect:—'Letters all right. Should like more. Pray stay another fortnight. Hope you're quite comfortable.' Mr. Sala says that he was most miserably uncomfortable; "but I did not like to disoblige my business friends in Fleet Street, so I stayed on until the fortnight grew into four months." The instructions he received about letters amounted, he says, in effect to this:—"Don't bother yourself too much about the Exhibition. Go there when you feel inclined; but for the rest walk about and see things and tell us all about them." Mr. Sala goes on to express a fear that some of his readers may think that he has bothered himself too much about the Exhibition. He has not been able to help being from time to time technical, he writes, "because I delight in techniques; because I have a handicraft of my own, at which I could still work and earn a livelihood did my trade as a journalist fail me; because I

am always trying to understand processes of manufacture, and because I often find such things as soap and candles, chocolate and pickles, upholstery and electro-plate quite as interesting as the habits of mankind and the ways of men. It is not my fault if I think Virtue's *Cyclopædia of the Useful Arts* and Bechmann's *History of Inventions* and Ure's *Dictionary* to be as entertaining reading as the *Arabian Nights*." We imagine that most readers, so far from disliking Mr. Sala's excursions into the realms of technicality, will find in them a distinct attraction; but those with whom this is not the case have only, as the writer himself suggests, to skip the technical parts altogether.

Mr. Sala's earlier chapters are the result of his walking about, seeing things, and telling us all about them, without bothering himself about the Exhibition. When he arrived at the Paris station he found that nearly the only vehicles in the courtyard were "some half-dozen of those well-remembered square boxes on wheels with seats *vis-à-vis*" called *paniers à salade*, from the way in which they shake up the passengers who mount them. The cab strike was in full swing, but in the corner there was one four-wheeled cab which, in spite of the driver having put up a blue flag to show that he was engaged, Mr. Sala succeeded in hiring. At the other railway stations on the same day there were no cabs at all, and soon afterwards when the author asked a cabman, apparently plying for hire in the streets, to drive him from the Rue Vivienne to the Rue de Labruyère, all he got by his request was a shower of oaths. In the course of his stroll along the streets Mr. Sala comes face to face with a question which has probably often puzzled people who know Paris much less intimately than he does:—

Paris is to me a permanent and most wondrous problem generally; but I do not know anything within its walls more perplexing and more wonderful than the sight of the thousands of well-dressed people who sit all day, and during a great portion of the night, in and outside the boulevard cafés, smoking, drinking, playing at cards and dominoes, and otherwise enjoying themselves. They play piquet and drink "grogs Américains"—weak rum-and-water, hot, with sugar and lemon—at eleven o'clock of the forenoon in August; they are playing dominoes and drinking "bocks" of frothy beer, refreshing to the palate, but apparently innocent of malt, at six o'clock P.M. They are imbibing coffee and cognac at eight, after dinner. They are consuming ices and sorbets at ten; they are sipping more American grogs at midnight; and yet, to all seeming, they have not "turned a hair," as the saying is, in the way of inebriety. They are all as sober as judges; and yet they have been laughing and shaking in Rabelais's easy chair for the last thirteen hours. Who are they? Whence do they come? Where are they going? Where do they live? They cannot be all shopkeepers who have left their wives to manage the shop, since they frequently bring both the male and female branches of their families to the café with them. They bring grandams of eighty, who drink hot rum-punch. They bring little brats of seven, who drink "bocks" and ask for the *Vie Parisienne*. *Vogue la galère!* But where is the galley, and who tugs at the labouring oar? How do they get the money to pay their score and give the *garçon* his *pourboire*?

Mr. Sala's ingenious suggestion for a solution of the problem is that the café frequenters are "all *propriétaires d'immeubles*"; that their grandfathers purchased large slices of the National Domains at peppercorn prices in the year 1792, and that they and all their families have been living prosperously and hilariously on the dividends ever since."

It is not till his sixth chapter that we find Mr. Sala "Astray in the Exhibition," his first visit to which he wisely determined "should be conducted strictly on the system of pursuing absolutely no system at all." A rapid survey of the departments devoted to decorative furniture leads to some suggestive remarks on the difference between French and English art-workmen, the general superiority of the French lying in "the fact that the Frenchman learns geometry first, to model the human figure next, and finally to practise ornamental design, even if he be intended for a pattern draughtsman only of Lyon shawls and Mulhouse patterns." Passing over several chapters which deal in the writer's peculiar manner with all manner of things in or outside the Exhibition, we come to one headed "Graphics and Plastics in the Exhibition," which contains some excellent remarks on Fortuny and his school. Of the master Mr. Sala says that the audacious facility of his composition and the positivism of his colouring often lead to the production of confusion in the spectator's mind. With this opinion we are more inclined to agree than with the previously expressed one that, brilliant as Fortuny is as a colourist, he is curiously monotonous in his texture. However, Mr. Sala goes on to say that, "as you study him more and more intently, his marvellous subtlety and delicacy, his well-nigh unapproached deftness as an executant, and his deeply poetic feeling, come gloriously to the front." On the other hand, few people will care to deny that, "surpassingly glowing and harmonious as is the colour, the scheme of its arrangement is somewhat, and too palpably, an artificial one; and in the hands of Fortuny's disciples the artifice becomes a palpable trick."

This chapter is followed by a singularly amusing one entitled "Dinner-time in Paris." To begin with, Mr. Sala says that every day since his arrival he has become more and more persuaded "that the modern Parisians devote a great deal too much time every day to eating and drinking; and that, while the people seem to crowd the public eating-houses to a greater extent than ever, the Art of Cookery is slowly, but surely, deteriorating and degenerating among them." In the latter part of this opinion Mr. Sala is supported by the authority of M. Abraham Dreyfus, who in the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle* has pointed out that it becomes constantly more difficult to engage first-rate *chefs*, as they can command higher prices in any great centre of civilization than they can get in Paris. So much

* *Paris Himself Again* in 1878-9. By George Augustus Sala. With Four Hundred Illustrations by Bertall, Cham, Pelcoq, Grévin, &c. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co.

is this the case that, according to M. Dreyfus, one of the first of Parisian *cuisiniers* has said that the degradation of gastronomy in France can only be averted or stopped by the establishment of a National School of Cookery. "Imagine," says Mr. Sala, "the Parisians, the nation of cooks *par excellence*, coming down to the complexion of South Kensington!" Meanwhile it is interesting to note the results of Mr. Sala's experiments at more than twenty restaurants during his stay in Paris while the Exhibition was open. He puts the Café Anglais before all other dining-places; but then, to get the best that can be got out of it, you must be capable of ordering a dinner "out of your own head"; and the proportion of Englishmen in Paris who are equal to this feat is but small. The prices are of course high, but, Mr. Sala thinks, not extortionate, and the Café is one of the very few places in Paris where you can get a real Havana cigar. The Maison Dorée, Bignon's, the Café Riche, and many others mentioned by Mr. Sala among the list of places which he visited, are well known; and, as he says nothing to the contrary, it may be presumed that he found them up to the mark of their reputation, with exception made for the gradual falling-off which he notes in all French cookery. We fear, both from analogy and from what he says himself, that the praise which he at first gave to Gaillon's had a somewhat unfortunate effect. A few years ago Gaillon's was comparatively little known to the ordinary English visitor to Paris; and it certainly merited what Mr. Sala said of it, apart from the fact which he naturally chronicled that its proprietor set his face against "Exhibition prices." However, the result of Mr. Sala's announcement of this fact was, of course, that the place became in time so crowded that it was impossible to dine there in comfort. It may be hoped that it has now regained its pristine virtues. Perhaps the most amusing part of Mr. Sala's chapter on dining is his account of a dinner at a fixed price which he rashly tried somewhere in the Palais Royal. This is described in the writer's best manner; and to quote any passage from it without the context would be to spoil its effect. Mr. Sala adds that one can dine tolerably well, but expensively, at Véfours'; and he gives well-deserved praise to Voisin's, at a corner of the Rue St. Honoré, both for its excellent wines and for the comparative quiet of its situation. Mr. Sala found that he could get a pleasant breakfast at Laurent's, in the Avenue Marigny, where there was a waiter who had the art, rare in Paris, of making good tea, and who seemed to have learnt English on the Ollendorff method. "You come evening," he said, "dinner in the garden. In the garden you dine under the trees green. Over the green trees of the garden during the dinner of evening comes the illumination of the gas. Now I give you the hat and the umbrella. Have you his umbrella? François, where is the umbrella of the English gentleman? Stay, I have the cashmere shawl of the English lady."

Mr. Sala's second volume is perhaps even more pleasantly discursive than his first, and the latter part of it, which refers to a visit made to Paris after the Exhibition, contains, amongst other things, a vivid description of the great Ham Fair. It also contains some remarks upon M. Zola, one of which seems to us to contain in a few pregnant words the whole gist of the matter. "Life is not long enough to discuss M. Zola's crudities from the point of view of art." We have only to add that, both for those who do and for those who do not know Paris, Mr. Sala's volumes contain a fund of instruction and amusement which can be "drawn" at almost any page with the certainty of a "find"; and that they are illustrated with drawings by Cham, Bertall, and other artists, which are not the worse for having already appeared elsewhere, or for having been in one instance ingeniously modified to suit the taste of English readers. We have only one, and that the tiniest, hole to pick in Mr. Sala's work. He quotes the well-known song:—

Messieurs les étudiants
S'en vont à la Chaumière,
Pour danser le cancan
Et le Robert Macaire.

It is with a full consciousness that we may be wrong and Mr. Sala right that we suggest that the two last lines should really be:—

Ils dansent le cancan
À la Robert Macaire.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION REPORT.*

THIS handsome volume is a worthy memorial of the meeting which the Librarians held at Oxford last year, and its form and comeliness reflect the greatest credit both on the Secretaries (Messrs. H. R. Tedder and E. C. Thomas) and on the Chiswick Press. The contents, as follows from the nature of "Transactions," are of widely varying character and value. Papers of a purely technical kind, descriptions of new book-cases or bindings, discussions of new suggestions for classification and catalogue-making, appear side by side with historical accounts of different English libraries, with philosophical disquisitions on the value of books, with jeremiads on librarians' salaries, and with quasi-political papers on

American dealings with English authors. The technical papers must be judged by professionals, and we do not propose to say anything about them. Catalogue-making, which is the chief subject dealt with, is an art the votaries of which seem to be divided into as many schools as those of the sister arts of painting and architecture, and we feel but little able to decide between them. It is worth while, however, to call attention to one practical matter which concerns not only librarians but all who possess books bound in calf, especially in old calf. Mr. Russell, of the Bath Institute, took the trouble to have an analysis made of the noxious white powder that so often appears on old bindings, and found that it consisted of "sulphate of ammonia with a large proportion of sulphuric acid"; and moreover his experiments showed that it and the consequent damage to bindings was not caused by gas-light, as is commonly supposed, but by the mode in which old leathers were prepared. His prescription for curing this veritable disease is as follows:—Dissolve half an ounce of the best horn glue; add a pint of warm water and a teaspoonful of glycerine; wash the solution over the books with a soft sponge, and when they are dry rub them with chamois leather. This simple process counteracts the drying effect of hot air, &c., and tends to preserve and restore the bindings.

It was natural that some space should be given up to the libraries of Oxford, and Mr. Thomas's paper on the subject, though rather one-sided, is a good statement of the case against the college libraries as at present managed. The three points he urges are—(1) that each college should make its library a thoroughly good library of reference for all those things that are the special subjects of study in the University; (2) that the office of librarian should be made a substantial one; (3) that the libraries should be specialized as far as possible. All these points have been often urged before of late years, notably by Mr. Roberts; and in the case of some colleges this policy has been thoroughly carried out. But the truth is that, in the first place, men with the real librarian's gifts, men with sufficient special knowledge and sufficient enthusiasm for books to manage a large library really well, are rare everywhere, and at Oxford are not much commoner than in other places; and, in the second, the Bodleian overwhelms the college libraries. The existence of one great library in a town takes away the motive for perfecting the smaller libraries, except in the very few cases where the college librarian is a man who will give half his time to the books. Besides, it must not be forgotten what the college libraries generally are. They are rooms, generally speaking, filled with the worthless accumulations of past ages; with vast superseded editions of the classics, with Puritan divinity, "all the Sermons, all the Lectures preacht, printed, vented in such numbers and such volumes," as Milton says; with books, in a word, which were indiscriminately accumulated by seventeenth and eighteenth century Fellows, and which have not even the *raison d'être* of rarity, that best excuse for valueless volumes. What is the reforming librarian to do with them? They crowd his scanty shelves; he cannot transfer them to other institutions that would prize them; he must not sell them for waste paper, or make a bonfire of them in the college quadrangle. And yet, until they are carefully and thoroughly weeded out, there is no hope for the library. In the great majority of colleges, however regrettable the conclusion may be, all that is probably to be looked for is that the first of Mr. Thomas's requirements will be satisfied, and that books will be added which have a practical relation to the ordinary studies of the place.

A paper which seems to promise much that will be interesting is that of the Rev. H. E. Reynolds on Cathedral Libraries. The appendix, indeed, which gives a tabular conspectus of the state of all these libraries, is valuable; but the article itself is too rambling and ill arranged to be at all worthy of the subject. It is pleasant to learn that, on the whole, the Cathedral Libraries are well kept, and that they are fairly accessible. A better-written paper is Mr. Shore's, on those little-known and unhappy institutions, the old Parochial Libraries of England; a paper which, with its detailed tabular list, forms a heavy indictment against those who are and have been responsible for maintaining these libraries. Among other points, Mr. Shore's paper affords evidence of the great interest which the Archdeacons of England and Wales take in the books belonging to their parishes. Last year the Council of the Library Association sent a circular letter to the seventy Archdeacons asking for information on the point; but from only nine did they receive any answer. Whatever "archidiaconal functions" may include, it is evident they do not include, in the case of sixty-one of the seventy dignitaries, the task of answering civilly worded and important letters. Few persons are aware of the number of these parochial libraries, or of the interesting history of their foundations, and of the Act passed in 1709 for their better preservation. Dr. Bray and Lord Chancellor King were chiefly instrumental in passing the Act, and it was principally through the munificence of the former that 150 "Bray Libraries" were established in the few years that followed. The object was the laudable one of improving the minds of the parish clergy; but though the Act made the clergy responsible for the care of the books, it seems in that respect to have soon become a dead letter. "Of such of these libraries as remain," says Mr. Shore, "many are in an unsatisfactory condition." Thanks to the Archdeacons and others, the difficulty of getting information on the subject has been great, and in the majority of cases Mr. Shore has not been able to record the condition of the books. But of those he does record we find that far too many collections are badly cared for. Llandabarn (Cardigan), Skipton, Swaffham, Totnes,

* *Transactions and Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom held at Oxford October 1, 2, 3, 1878.* Edited by the Secretaries, Henry R. Tedder, Librarian of the Athenæum Club, and Ernest C. Thomas, late Librarian of the Oxford Union Society. London: Printed at the Chiswick Press. 1879.

and Wimborne have allowed their books to come into a "bad," "perishing," or "neglected" condition, and many more of these libraries can get no higher mark than "tolerable." We cannot do better than quote the account which a correspondent of Mr. Shore's, "a gentleman well known in literature," gives of the library at Skipton, Yorkshire:—

The Petty's Library, Skipton, when I saw it last, in 1876, was kept at the west end of the parish church, in cases, open except for a wire network. The books were so wet that the leaves could not be turned over of the few I borrowed till they had been dried for several days. They had been (as I was told by the old sexton who had charge of them) for many years walled up and had only recently been rendered accessible. There are still many valuable sixteenth and seventeenth-century books in the collection, but in many cases imperfect and literally rotted away. No catalogue could I get access to. It was admitted that one existed; but so many valuable works are said to have disappeared that it was not desirable to allow the catalogue to be examined. The disappearance of the missing books ought to be inquired into and evidence taken as to their existence in the neighbourhood. The keeping back the catalogue prevented my carrying out the personal investigation I had projected. The parish clergyman is responsible for the present care of the books, but as my knowledge of the library only reaches back to 1872, I do not know under whose care they were when the principal mischief was done.

Mr. Robert Harrison, the well-known librarian of the London Library, is very entertaining on the salaries of librarians, with their eighteen distinct duties (he adopts Mr. Edwards's analysis) and their infinitesimal pay. Statistics, such as those quoted from the books of the Birmingham Library, seem to put the unlucky librarian in a somewhat worse position than a negro slave:—

Add together [says Mr. Harrison] the three classes of mental and manual effort he has to make:—

Cataloguing	5,000 entries.
Borrowers	27,000 to be answered.
Books to fetch, record, and replace	970,000

1,002,000 (per annum.)

that is, 3,340 efforts in each of the 300 working days in the year.

When this appalling total comes to be compared with the whole amount paid as salaries in the year, we arrive "at the sum of 1-6 farthing [per effort], or slightly more than half what you pay the shoeblick for polishing one of your shoes." And at Liverpool, Leeds, and Manchester Free Libraries the rate is even less. Speaking seriously, there can be no doubt that the smallness of the salaries offered to librarians is one of the chief reasons why so few of the Free Libraries answer. In most towns—in all, in fact, except the largest or the most enlightened—it is a difficult task, even when the library is started, to get people to come and read; and those who have to do with such ventures know how much depends on the actual working head. What sort of head can be got for "sums varying from 150*l.* to 20*l.* per annum," such as we learn that the salaries now paid actually are? One enthusiast declares that "a librarian ought to be at once a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of business." In a small Free Library we might make some slight discount from the first two qualifications; but he certainly ought to be a man of some quickness of mind and steadiness of character, with at least as much knowledge of books as is generally acquired by a good secondhand bookseller. Mr. Harrison is probably right in saying that 250*l.* ought to be the lowest stipend paid to such a person; and, in recommending that where the penny rate does not yield such a sum, it ought either to be increased or the library abolished.

We have reserved to the end one of the best papers in the book—that of Mr. W. H. Allnutt, of the Bodleian, on Provincial Printers. This paper, which consists of three pages of text and six of closely printed appendix, is a model of condensed and accurate statement; and, as the subject is one which has never been properly treated, and which even local historians generally neglect, those who care for the history of printing will be grateful to Mr. Allnutt for his work. As regards this matter England may be said to have passed through three stages, which may be shortly described as the first stage of freedom, up to 1533; the stage of reaction, from 1533 to 1693, marked by the repressive laws of 1583 and 1662; and the modern stage of unrestricted printing, from 1693 onwards. It is to the liberal recognition of the new art by the authorities, culminating in the Act of 1 Rich. III., which authorized foreign printers to set up their trade in England, that we owe the existence of fifteenth-century books printed at Oxford, St. Albans, and York. Commercial jealousy soon banished the foreigners, and even forbade the importation of foreign books; and presently the Government began to feel the inconvenience of allowing presses where they were not easily under control. In 1583 an Act positively forbids all printing except in London, Oxford, and Cambridge; and even during the troubles of the seventeenth century we only find four provincial presses at work—at Bristol, Shrewsbury, Exeter, and York. The Act of 1662 made printing a still closer monopoly of the Stationers' Company than it had been before, and not more than twenty master printers, besides the King's Printers, were to be allowed in England. Under William III. (1693) all these restrictions were broken down. Thirty-five years later we find a contemporary record of twenty-eight provincial presses at work, and this record is known to be incomplete. Before the end of the century the number was something like three hundred, of all of which, with the title and date of their first-born work, Mr. Allnutt's list takes note. Foreign bibliographers are always extremely careful to note the "first book printed" at this town or that; and in Spain, Italy, France,

Germany such books are well known and eagerly sought for. It is satisfactory that we have at length an almost exhaustive list for England, though a restrictive policy and a national indifference to letters make the list of early books a very scanty one.

CONVICT LIFE.*

WE look upon such a work as this with considerable suspicion. The author says that he is a ticket-of-leave man. This perhaps is, in one point of view, somewhat to his credit. For the fact that he has earned his ticket-of-leave is a proof that his behaviour when undergoing his sentence of penal servitude was up to a certain standard of merit. But beyond this we have nothing but his own evidence to show that he is worthy of trust. He says that he is penitent, and we hope that here he speaks the truth; but professions of penitence, as he himself points out, are worthless in themselves. He asks us to believe him when all that we know of him is that he was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years, and has earned his discharge before the expiration of the full term of his punishment. So little aware, however, does he seem to be of the need he is under of bringing forward some proof of his own trustworthiness, that he himself presumes so far as to give testimonials of the characters of others. Thus he says, in writing of the governor of one prison, whose name he mentions, "I cannot help adding that he impressed me with the idea that he was one of the most perfect specimens of an English gentleman with whom I had ever come across." Perhaps he may think that he is as good a judge of a specimen of an English gentleman as any one need be; for he was, as we learn on his own authority, a man of some respectability and education, and at the time of his arrest was wearing a suit of clothes adapted, as he says, to his position in life, which had shortly before cost him twelve or fourteen pounds. It is not many among us, we fear, who are able to wear such clothes as those which adorned this respectable man; but then, on the other hand, we have the satisfaction of never having to change those that we do wear for a prison suit. The judge who tried him was not moved either by his respectability or by his fourteen-pound suit. "He thought it to be his duty, for the sake of example, to send a man of some respectability and education, and who had never before darkened the doors of a police court, to herd with professional thieves in penal servitude for seven years." However, the convict has now the advantage over his lordship; for he is at large, while the poor judge—no doubt as a punishment for his severity—"has gone," the ticket-of-leave man says, "to that bourn from which not even judges return." Well, judges do certainly die, whether the sentences they have given are long or short; and when they are once dead, they as certainly do not come back again to earth. But before we can agree with the ticket-of-leave man when he says that in the interests of society and the taxpayer six months of solitary confinement would have been quite as efficacious, we must first know what was his crime. That he nowhere tells us. It was, he says, his first offence, and we all know well enough that a first offence must be of a most serious character for it to be visited by any judge whatever with a sentence of seven years penal servitude. The ticket-of-leave man, however, was not only respectable; he also claims to be a man of some education. He has, at all events, studied the Scriptures. He is, we are inclined to believe, an American, for surely no one but an American could write, "I am familiar with the history of the treachery of Judas, and how he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver." Who can read these words and not fancy that he hears the Yankee twang? Besides, he is anxious to bear testimony to the merits of a Yankee prisoner at Portland, who has, he is sure, given up all idea of escape, and is doing his best to keep a good character. We hope that the Secretary of State will at once accept the ticket-of-leave man's evidence for this worthy convict, and remit the fifteen years of penal servitude which he has still to serve of the twenty to which he was sentenced. Whatever was the amount of the author's education when he went into prison, he contrived to increase it during his residence there, for whenever he could obtain a volume that contained selections from the great poets he was accustomed to memorize (*sic*) them. To memorize is, we believe, the American for to learn by heart.

It is not, of course, impossible that an ex-convict should write a very valuable book on convict life and our prison discipline. In the book before us, however, there is, so far as we can see, nothing of any worth. In the first place we distrust the writer. In more than one passage he shows that his virtue is not quite up to the height at which he would set it. He describes, for instance, how, having got what he calls "the auxiliaries of civilization," he sold his old prison suit to a Jewish dealer in old clothes. The man "said 'it was no goot,' and he was perfectly right. He thought he might be able 'to palm it off upon a flat,' and he would risk a crown for it. I accepted his offer with thanks." In other words, a penitent sinner who looks back, as he tells us, on his own past misconduct with feelings of shame, horror, and disgust, thanks a man who, while he buys articles of him, avows at the same time his intention of passing them off on some simple person by a cheat. The penitent man might at all events have taken his crown in silence, and spared his thanks. If he could not refrain from good words, he might

* *Convict Life; or, Revelations concerning Convicts and Convict Prisons. By a Ticket-of-Leave Man. London: Wyman & Sons. 1879.*

have urged the Jew, in return for his money, to follow him in the depth and sincerity of his repentance. He might have warned him that, if he went on in his old courses, and "palmed things upon flats," the day would come when he might have to say in his own words, "I have sinned against society, and however deep and sincere my repentance, the Pharisees of society will never forgive me." In another passage he attempts a classification of prisoners. For some he has a feeling of pity, but as regards others he cannot control his moral indignation. He is chiefly roused against "a class who become thieves from a sheer lack of conscience—men who do not act under the influence of liquor, and who are not prompted by the goadings of poverty; but who, seeing that they can with ease, or by the use of a little chicanery, possess themselves of the property of others, allow no feelings of honour or justice to stand in their way." They are, he says, no doubt often moved with envy. Chance throws them into the way of men whose means are greater than their own. "They imbibe a desire to rival their associates in luxury and display, and, having no moral principles to restrain them, do not hesitate to take a short but crooked cut to wealth." He can draw no distinction, he says, between these men and the midnight burglar. He even prefers to them the murderess Catherine Webster. In going on to enlarge on the enormity of their conduct, he begins a long sentence with "The man who deliberately and in cold blood," and winds up in a way that might have excited envy in Joseph Surface himself. His principles are no doubt good, but he does not always apply them soundly. For instance, he became acquainted at Portland with an Oxford graduate who "had achieved," he tells us, "some success in his profession, but an absurd desire for display and an ambition to keep as liberal a table and as well-bred horses as his richer neighbours, had led him into difficulties from which he sought to extricate himself by forgery." Here, then, the ticket-of-leave man meets a man of the class which ranks morally below a murderess. What does he say of him? "His act and the folly which led up to it could not be apologized for." The man certainly had a wife who was dying, and therefore very properly won his fellow-prisoner's sympathy. But then, if the ticket-of-leave man feels for him, why should he be so very severe upon all other men who had been guilty of exactly the same crime? We cannot set any very high value on the moral character of a man who in one page tells us that a certain crime is worse than one of the most brutal of murders, and in another page writes that this same crime cannot be apologized for. Again, we very much doubt whether a letter that fills more than seven pages of this book, and professes to have been written by a convict on the 8th of last month from Dartmoor, is what it professes to be. It bears all the marks of being written, not for the ticket-of-leave man to whom it is supposed to be sent, but for the public who are to read the ticket-of-leave man's book. We may be doing the author an injustice, but we certainly should not feel at all inclined to recommend that his services should be engaged for a reasonable remuneration, as he suggests, to look after his fellow ticket-of-leave men in London. "I should be able," he says, "in a month to make a reliable report to the authorities as to their proclivities and habits." He has already warned benevolent and religious people against the pretensions of prisoners who on their discharge set up for converted characters, and seek to be employed in evangelization. It is well also to be on our guard against those who, in their search after employment, urge that we should set a thief to catch a thief.

However, if this writer really wished to show his zeal for the public good, he might have found a very easy way of doing so. Shortly before his discharge a fellow-prisoner told him where some keys were to be found "which could effect an entrance to a house in Great Portland Street." The ticket-of-leave man was to take them to the prisoner's brother, who is looked upon as a respectable working-man, but is in reality an accomplice with a set of thieves. Did the author at once lay the whole matter before the police? Have the brother and "his dishonest pals" been arrested? He knows also of a plan for robbing next winter the house of a gentleman near Cambridge. Here is a second chance for showing his own deep and sincere repentance, and for furnishing what he calls a "reliable" report of the "proclivities" of at least one thief. He would do more real service, and would better deserve a reasonable remuneration, than by turning author and writing a wordy book. For the recommendations that he gives about the right method of dealing with criminals are, as might be expected, worthless. We might as well look for the boy who had been oftentimes birched in his school to write on the best method of education, as for a convict to write on prison discipline and the reform of the criminals. The man, as might be expected, shows himself utterly ignorant of the subject. He says, for instance, that men naturally honest are very commonly sent to penal servitude for stealing a bushel of potatoes or a loaf of bread. In the first place, men naturally honest have no occasion in this country to turn to stealing, even if they have, to use the ticket-of-leave man's words, a dozen helpless and innocent children whose cravings they wish to satisfy. There is a poor-law and relief for those who cannot find work. In the second place, such sentences are not, as every one knows, very commonly given for such offences, if indeed they are ever given at all. He makes the wildest statements about the prisoners. "Not one in a hundred," he writes in one page, "goes into the chapel with any reverence for the God with whom he is supposed to hold communion." What means has he, or any one, for arriving at such a conclusion as that? By far the most numerous class of thieves, he says in

another page, is utterly and irreclaimably lost. Yet later on he writes that he is certain that one-half of the men now convicted could be reformed. He maintains that the army of professional thieves is great and yearly increasing; and in another place he says that this class seems to increase every year in the same ratio as the population. Yet every one who has paid even the slightest attention to the statistics of crime is well aware that, so far from increasing, this class has been greatly reduced of late years. "I regret to have to acknowledge," he writes on another page, "that in this evening of the nineteenth Christian century such a class does exist in England, and that its name is legion." We have no need of a man fresh from prison to tell us that. We know already that there are plenty of rogues, both professional rogues and those whom we must, we suppose, call merely amateurs. It would be idle to consider the suggestions he offers for the reform of our prison discipline. He sets up as an authority before he has begun even to study the subject. There are one or two cases, however, in which he brings charges against certain officers who could be easily identified, and these charges certainly should be examined into. If they are proved to be false, the author should be prosecuted for libel and his book suppressed. If they are proved to be true, he will have done good service. There is one statement he makes of a general nature which is startling enough. He says that the warders always know the hour at which the Governor will make his round, and that the Governor always knows the day when one of the directors of the convict department will visit his prison. If this is really the case, the faults in our prison system must indeed be vast. For inspection certainly is in every case needful, and inspection is almost worthless when it is not sudden and unforeseen. We have heard of an inspector of Scotch prisons who in days gone by used to arrive at the prison door at the most unlikely hours, and more than once found the prisoners drunk with whisky which they had bought of the Governor himself. Times are changed, no doubt, since then; but, according to this penitent ticket-of-leave man, he was during his stay at Pentonville supplied by a friend who had "a great heart" with the daily papers at his breakfast, the *Poll Mall* at his supper, and with dainties and luxuries. "They were breakfasts and suppers," he says, with a fond recollection and also with a sigh for his great-hearted friend, who, "alas! has gone to another world." However, if official inspection is somewhat slack, these literary ticket-of-leave men will make up for any deficiency. They pass, as we have said, censures on those who neglect their duty, and, on the other hand, give most satisfactory testimonials to the governors, doctors, and chaplains who come up to their high standard of excellence.

SOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.*

THE impartial critic who is asked where the best woodcuts are produced has, we fear, but one answer possible:—Neither in England, Germany, nor France, but in America. In fact, the engraver is there far ahead of the artist, and if they had such men as our own chief book illustrators—artists to whom drawing on wood has been a special study—to draw for their engravers, our Transatlantic cousins might well boast that they had beaten the country of Bewick and Jackson. The only proof needed of the truth of our reluctant admission may be found in a moment. Take any recent number of such an American periodical as *Scribner's Magazine*, and compare it with the *Cornhill*. In *Scribner's* the artists are careful, exact, neat, often picturesque, but in no sense to be compared with Mr. Du Maurier or Mr. Charles Keene. Yet look at the delicacy of the American engraving, the number of different tints and shades, the microscopic graining of the ground, the absolute fidelity of the print to the original drawing, the subordination of the engraver's mind to that of the artist whose work he perpetuates. In ordinary English woodcuts the artist's work is translated, not perpetuated. It is obliterated, and we must put up with a translation, just as some ancient Greek authors are only known by the Latin versions of their works. A child can recognize the heavy hand of the engraver. His individuality, his mannerism, is much more strongly marked than that of the artist, and in the result we have a black and white imitation of a pen-and-ink drawing, absolutely devoid of gradation, and showing everywhere that the cutter has been wrestling with the artist, not helping him; has been shouting him down, rather than allowing him to tell his own tale. It is, of course, no business of ours to ask how the American engraver obtains his effects, whether he largely uses machinery, whether he cuts on a softer wood than box, or on no wood at all but some composition. All this is beside the question; certain it is that, if we want to see modern "xylography" worthy to compare with Bewick's, we must go to America for it. Here and there we see indications that only the will, not the power, is wanting among us. Some of the cuts appearing in illustration of Mr. Rogers's Egyptian papers in the *Art Journal* contain passages, so to speak, not wholly unworthy; but they make us all the more regret that in England, and still more in France, where wood-cutting never attained to our standard,

* *L'Art, Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée*. 2 vols. 1879. Paris and London: A. Ballue.

Recueil de l'Exposition Rétrospective de Lyon 1877. Par J. B. Giraud. Lyon: 1878.

Luxurious Bathing. By A. W. Tuer. With 12 Etchings by S. Sharpe. London: Field & Tuer. 1879.

the artist who would see his own work in a print, and not the engraver's notion of what the work ought to be, must go to one of the new semi-photographic processes recently invented, which have one great merit—that they reproduce faithfully the artist's lines. Tints are lost, thin lines often become thick, and thick lines thin; but, on the whole, the artist who can draw neatly with a pen feels pretty certain that his work will be rendered without much alteration, that whatever of spirit he may have been able to infuse into it will not be diluted.

In the number of illustrated books and periodicals, therefore, which are produced and published at the present day, it must be allowed that the most satisfactory are those in which the neatness and prettiness of the old woodcut is superseded by the bold effectiveness of dashing pen-and-ink sketches, printed by the help of photography, with as little intervention as possible from the engraver. We see what the artist meant; we do not obtain a very pleasing picture, and often wish for a little more detail than falls to our portion; but, if there is anything of force, of expression, of beauty, of meaning in the drawing, we know that we have it all, and are pleased and satisfied even with rough work. In *L'Art*, for example, a weekly paper published simultaneously in London and Paris, and, we suppose, not to be reckoned wholly French, as it certainly is not wholly English, we have illustrations of the exhibition of the Salon and of the Royal Academy in which the artists whose works are reproduced themselves give us sketches from their pictures. Better far rough sketches of landscape like those by Castan in the second volume of *L'Art* (pp. 163, 166), than the neatest woodcut in which we only recognize the engraver's mannerism. A head by Cabanel, a figure by Baudry, even in the most elementary condition is more instructive and gives us a more truthful impression of the artist's intention than we can obtain from the best imitation on wood of the smooth tameness of a line engraving. The processes by which these effects are produced are very interesting. There is something almost romantic in the union of science and art to disseminate at large a pleasure which used to be enjoyed exclusively by a few. In a remote country village the young aspirant finds his education begun by being brought almost face to face with the actual work of the highest genius. Time was when people, and especially young people, were thankful that engravings could be had at a reasonable cost which enabled them at least to know what a Landseer or a Turner was like. The popularity of great artists prevailed among thousands who had never seen one of their works. But by these combinations of photography and printing the artist's manner of working, his own very touch, is brought to the knowledge of all who care to know. The effect, in teaching art to the next generation, is incalculable. Colour is still deficient, but form, light and shade, expression, composition, all may be studied from the works of the great masters at the cottage fireside, and in the log-hut of the backwoods. There is much that is hopeful for the art of the future in this spread of the best examples among the masses. The village artist can learn at least the elements of drawing, no longer from the stiff and servile imitations which misrepresented pictures to our fathers, but from faithful reflections of the real, untouched designs of those artists whose work is most worthy of study.

In another direction, too, much has been done, and may be done. It is not long since the impossibility of obtaining good models of carving, of cabinet-making, of embroidery, of metal-work, and other similar arts rendered it almost impossible to educate, even in the rudiments, the people, however gifted, of remote places. Not many years ago we heard a country clergyman lament, in a district where the people were largely employed in quarrying and mason-work, the difficulty of teaching carving even to the most ambitious of the boys in his district. Now and then it was possible to send a promising youth to study under an accomplished workman, but he had to begin with rudiments which can now, at a trifling expense, be mastered at home. Such a volume as that describing and illustrating the Retrospective Exhibition held at Lyons two years ago brings the best examples of furniture before the eye with so much correctness that any boy not actually stupid can be made acquainted with the chief features of good work of the best periods; and, though such an acquaintance must be rudimentary at best, it clears the way for those capable of learning, and renders them fit to appreciate more advanced lessons when they attain to them. The pictures in this book are apparently produced by a more direct photographic process than the artist's sketches of which we spoke above, but they are engravings in every sense of the word, in a style somewhat analogous to mezzotint, and with a delicacy and a deceptive solidity of effect to which no mezzotint, however careful and minute, ever aspired. There is a limit, and a narrow one, beyond which the instruction conveyed by these prints cannot go. But where any taste exists, and the power of profiting by good examples of a high class, such pictures as these must be of the greatest value. The series of examples of cabinets, of carved chairs, of coffers, of metal-work here displayed is probably the largest that has yet been published. The style is not uniformly good, and the mechanical skill is often greater than the power of design. But as specimens of a class of objects the production of which still goes on, carried on unfortunately for the most part by people ignorant of all the principles of the arts they are supposed to practise, we cannot imagine them to be anything but instructive and stimulating to the highest degree. One often meets, even in out of the way places, in the nooks and corners of busy workshops, with men capable of carrying out the finest designs. But who

can supply even second-rate designs by mere verbal descriptions or even careful drawings? Here we have designs of a high character, and, granted the executive ability, there is no reason why an intelligent workman should not make us new examples at least equal to the old. Exhibitions like that recently held with such success in Westminster and other places, betray not so much a want of mechanical skill as a want of direction. The genius of the artificer languishes for want not so much of power as of knowledge. We cannot imagine a more useful book than this before us for a village library, especially in a district like that of which we have spoken above, where hundreds of men employed their leisure in carvings which, however well they were executed, failed in the higher artistic qualities from the need of good models to work by.

It is to be feared that, in spite of the labours of Mr. Haden and Mr. Middleton and other admirers of etching, it has not yet touched the masses. Fine as are Mr. Whistler's or Mr. Legros's studies in the opinion of those who know, the general public declines to see in them much more than a confused network of lines through which a few definite forms are to be made out with difficulty. It would be unreasonable not to sympathize with people who say, "We care nothing for burr, but a great deal for beauty." The etchings which ornament, if they do not exactly illustrate, Mr. Tuer's magnificent volume on *Luxurious Bathing*, have not much to do with the text; and though they are so simple in design as to be a complete contrast to the work of the more famous masters of the art, they are not on that account the more interesting. In fact, handsomely as the book is got up, with its half vellum binding, its broad margins and large type, it is not very easy to understand its purpose. It may have been produced merely as an example of magnificent printing. So far it succeeds admirably. Few such volumes have ever before been issued in England. It resembles the magnificent publications of some foreign imperial or royal press, where sumptuous type and paper have been considered first. Tubbing has become as much a domestic institution among Englishmen as going to bed or getting up; but there is not so much art or mystery in the use of a well-filled sponge as to require twenty-three pages of exposition. The etchings are strong, rather coarse, sketches of English scenery, for the most part water-pieces rather than landscapes, but not very remarkable for originality or beauty, and certainly wanting in delicacy of feeling and refinement. In several of them the plate is very empty, and in the best there is so little that we fail to be interested. One has some lines from Smollett annexed:—

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave!
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course.

It is, perhaps, no praise to say that the print is almost worthy of the poetry.

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OF BONDS FALLING DUE in the years 1880-81.—
In obedience to an Order of the Finance Committee of the Corporation of London, I do hereby give notice to the Holders, registered or otherwise, of City Bonds, which mature within the ensuing years, 1880-81, as follows:—

- (1.) That the Bonds referred to in the First Schedule hereto will be paid off (out of funds specially applicable to such purpose), absolutely and without option of renewal, at the dates at which they respectively mature.
- (2.) That the Bonds referred to in the Second Schedule hereto will also be paid off at the dates of their maturity respectively, but that an option is given to the Holders of such Bonds to renew the Loans severally secured for a period of Seven Years from the dates at which they severally fall due on terms to pay the Holders interest at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. per annum.
- (3.) That the Bonds referred to in the Third Schedule hereto will also be paid off at maturity, but that an option is also given to the Holders of such Bonds to renew their holdings for a period of Seven Years from October 5, 1881, on the above terms as to interest, provided they signify to me their agreement thereto and bring their Bonds for marking to this Office, on or before November 29 next.

Holders of Bonds desiring to avail themselves of this option of renewal must signify to me their agreement thereto, and bring their Bonds for marking to this Office, on or before November 29 next.

The Loans renewed under these options will be for the like purposes and on the same securities as the existing Bonds, interest being payable, as at present, by means of Coupons, at the Bank of England, negotiable through any banker.

SCHEDULE I.

Bonds to be paid off absolutely in 1880 and 1881.

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement Act, 1861, and maturing on January 1, 1880, viz.:	
40 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 183 to 197, 611 to 625, and 698 to 700	40,000
5 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 123, 177 to 179, and 681	2,500
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 125 to 135	1,000
	43,500
Bonds issued in respect of rebuilding the Royal Exchange (Loan of £70,800), secured upon the City's moiety of the Gresham Estates, viz.:	
Bond for £1,000, No. 1, maturing on May 11, 1880	1,000
Bond for £1,000, No. 2, maturing on May 11, 1881	1,000
Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement Act, 1861, and maturing on January 1, 1881, viz.:	
13 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 625 to 637	13,000
5 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 637 to 655	2,500
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 679 to 690, and 837 to 849	1,000
2 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 1,251 and 1,252	20,000
	37,100
Bonds secured upon the Surplus Lands of the Holborn Valley Improvements, and maturing on April 1, 1881, viz.:	
50 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 43, and 123 to 159	50,000
81 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 43 to 90, and 150 to 217	40,500
164 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 90 to 132, and 218 to 344	16,400
	106,900
Bonds issued under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1869, for constructing the Foreign Cattle Market for the Metropolitan (being Loan of £25,000), dated October 15, 1874, and maturing on July 1, 1881, viz.:	
16 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 16	16,000
10 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 17 to 32	5,000
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 33 to 42	1,000
	22,000
Bonds issued under the Act for rebuilding Blackfriars Bridge, and maturing on July 28, 1881, viz.:	
30 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 7 to 36	30,000
	30,000
Total	£293,900

SCHEDULE II.

Bonds maturing in 1880 with an option of renewal.

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley and Farringdon Market Improvement Act, 1873, and maturing on January 5, 1880, viz.:	
14 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 14	14,000
2 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 15 and 16	1,000
	15,000
Bonds issued under the Act for providing the Metropolitan Cattle Market, Islington, and maturing on April 3, 1880, viz.:	
30 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 230 to 259	30,000
20 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 260 to 279	10,000
	40,000
Bonds issued for the erection of the Western Extension of the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market (now London Central Markets) and maturing on April 5, 1880, viz.:	
72 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 72	72,000
27 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 73 to 99	13,500
30 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 100 to 119	3,000
	87,500
Bonds secured upon the City's Moiety of the Gresham Estates (Loan of £13,200), and maturing on April 5, 1880, viz.:	
9 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 9	9,000
9 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 10 to 18	4,500
	13,500
Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement Act, 1861, and maturing on July 1, 1880, viz.:	
25 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 304 to 328, and 733 to 755	29,000
12 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 309 to 328, and 756 to 807	6,000
	35,000
Bonds issued for the purchase of the site of the Western Extension of the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market (now London Central Markets), and maturing on July 5, 1880, viz.:	
61 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 61	61,000
37 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 62 to 98	18,500
50 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 99 to 148	5,000
	84,500
Bonds issued for the completion of the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market (now London Central Markets), and maturing on October 18, 1880, viz.:	
1 Bond for £20,000, No. 1	20,000
125 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 2 to 125	62,500
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 126 to 135	1,000
	83,500
Bonds issued for providing the Metropolitan Cattle Market, Islington, and maturing on November 30, 1880, viz.:	
1 Bond for £10,000, No. 373	10,000
2 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 and 2	2,000
1 Bond for £500, No. 3	500
1 Bond for £100, No. 4	100
	12,500
Total	£402,900

SCHEDULE III.

Bonds maturing in 1881 with an option of renewal.

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement (Money) Act, 1869, viz.:	
2 Bonds for £20,000 each, Nos. 1 and 2	40,000
250 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 3 to 252	250,000
330 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 253 to 579	165,000
900 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 579 to 1,477	90,000
	485,000

Further information, if needed, will be furnished at this Department.

Chamber of London, Guildhall, BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain,
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